

WINTER
ISSUE
No. 13

10¢

BLACKHAWK®



BLACKHAWK
STALKS
DANGER!



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP

S.O.S. POLICE BOAT LOST OVERBOARD PEPSI AND PETE MISSING S.O.S.

PEPSI, I'M SICK IN TWO PLACES—I'M SEA-SICK AN' I'M HOME-SICK!

SA! LOOKS LIKE AN ISLAND!

AN ISLAND! IMAGINE AN ISLAND IN ALL THIS OCEAN!

WE GOTTA FIND SOME WATER PETE. WE ONLY GOT ONE PEPSI-COLA BETWEEN-US!

HEY, PEPSI! I FOUND A SPRING OF NICE FRESH--

--WATER!

GOLLY, LOOKS LIKE PETE'S UP A SPOUT!

QUICK! TIE TH' ROPE AROUND YOU, PETE!

AAH, WHAT A WHALE OF A DRINK!

HELP!

NOW JUST A LITTLE PEPPER ON THE NOSE!

- AND THAR SHE BLOWS!

K-CHOO!

CHEER UP, PETE, YOU OLD JONAH! I SAVED A LITTLE SIP FOR YOU!

MORE PEPSI, MORE! I KNEW THERE WUZ SUMPN' FISHY ABOUT THIS ISLAND!

PEPSI SEZ:

DON'T BE A SIMPLE SIMON—ASK FOR A BIG PEPSI-COLA!

BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK



AROUND the world they go, the courageous, battling **BLACKHAWKS** — administering to the oppressed, desecrating evil, bringing justice to the unjust — and no place is too remote!

To the Island of Cliffs fly the planes of the Blackhawks, where **MURDER** is the **IDEAL** and the ruler is a weird and wily madman who calls himself **KING MURDER!**

The government experimental laboratory in the capital of Costa Marca



DR. FEDRIGO --
KILLED AT HIS
EXPERIMENTS!

THE FOOL RESISTED
ME WHEN I TOOK
HIS FORMULA!

But, as the killer descends...



HELP!
MURDER!

WORK
FOR THE
BLACKHAWKS!
STOP THAT
MASKED
MAN!



MY GUN GOT HIM --
OOPS!

NOBODY
GETS ME!

RRIP

HE CAN'T
OUTRUN
ME!

I'LL BE CAUGHT -- BUT THEY
WON'T GET BACK THIS
FORMULA!



GOT YOU!

OHHHH!

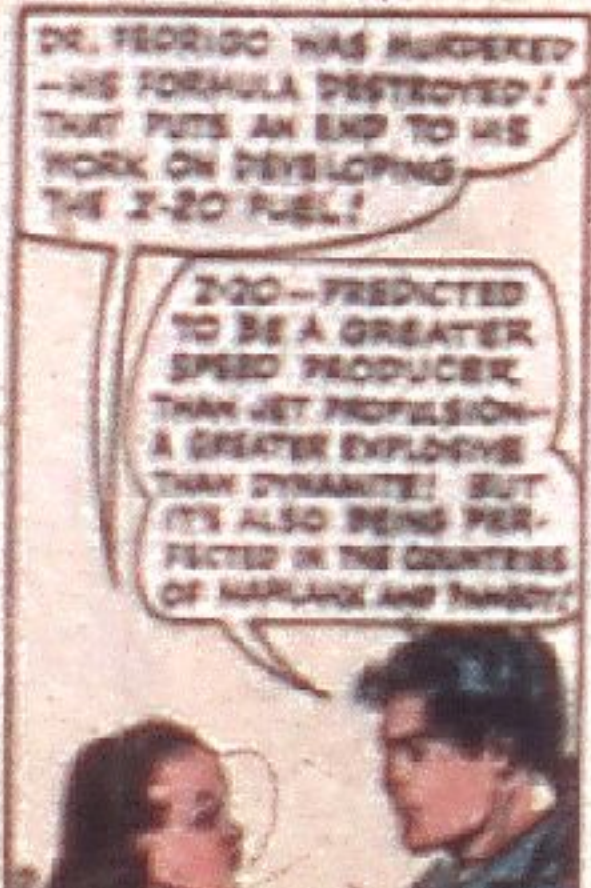
IN 20 MOMENT HE WAS
CAUGHT. HE STAB
HIMSELF TO
DEATH.
HENDRICKSON!

ACK JA--
AND FIRST
HE WAS
TORN UP
DER PAPER
HE STOLE!



DR. FEDRIGO WAS MURDERED --
HIS FORMULA DESTROYED!
THAT PUTS AN END TO HIS
WORK ON DEVELOPING
THE Z-20 FUEL!

Z-20 -- PREDICTED
TO BE A GREATER
SPEED PRODUCER
THAN JET PROPULSION --
A GREATER EXPLOSIVE
THAN DYNAMITE! BUT
IT'S ALSO BEING PER-
FECTED IN THE COUNTRIES
OF NAUPLAGE AND TANGOT!



But, as the Blackhawks return to their lodgings...

SPECIAL CODE CABLEGRAM FROM PANGOO, BLACKHAWK!

SEVERE NEWS, CHUCK! AN ATTEMPT WAS MADE TO ROB THE GOVERNMENT LABORATORY THERE! THE Z-20 EXPERIMENTAL VAT BLEW UP — KILLED TWO SCIENTISTS AND THE THIEF!

IT SAYS THAT THE THIEF WAS MASKED AND CLOAKED — HIS GARMENTS MARKED WITH M.M.!

LIKE THE ONE WE CAUGHT HERE! SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO GET THE Z-20 FORMULA — MONOPOLIZE IT!



LET MRS. NOT DIE! ALL THREE GOVERNMENTS WERE WORKING ON THE DISCOVERY FOR THE GOOD OF HUMANITY! A CRIMINAL WILL USE IT FOR THE EVIL!

QUICK, GET THE PLANES WARMED UP! WE'RE GOING TO MARLANX!

Over land and sea speed the planes of the Blackhawks!

THAT'S THE CAPITAL OF MARLANX BELOW! DROP DOWN TO THE LANDING FIELD! CHOP-CHOP AND I AM TRYING A TRICK LANDING ON THE ROOF OF THE GOVERNMENT LABORATORY!

ROGER, BLACKHAWK!



OH, IT'S BLACKHAWK! I JUDGE YOU'RE AN EXCEPTION TO ANY ORDER!

I'M HERE ONLY ON THE MOST IMPORTANT BUSINESS! PLEASE CONDUCT ME TO THE Z-20 EXPERIMENTAL SECTION!

VERY FEW PLANES CAN LAND ON SUCH A SMALL SPACE, CHOP-CHOP!

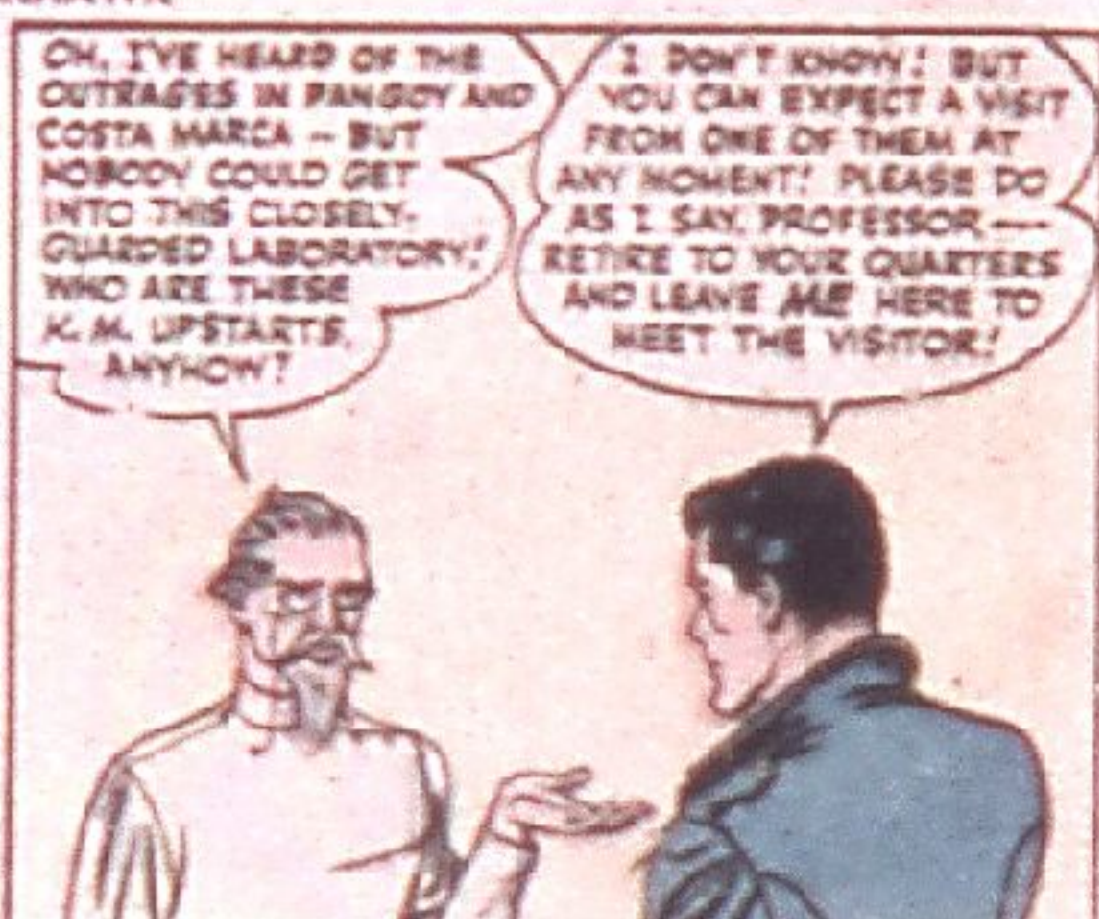
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? THIS LABORATORY IS UNDER MILITARY GUARD! NO ONE IS ALLOWED —





I AM HONORED, BLACKHAWK! HOW CAN I HELP YOU?

I'M HERE TO HELP YOU, PROFESSOR --- TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE Z-20 FORMULA!



OH, I'VE HEARD OF THE OUTRAGES IN PANGUY AND COSTA MARCA -- BUT NOBODY COULD GET INTO THIS CLOSELY-GUARDED LABORATORY! WHO ARE THESE K.M. UPSTARTS, ANYHOW?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT YOU CAN EXPECT A VISIT FROM ONE OF THEM AT ANY MOMENT! PLEASE DO AS I SAY, PROFESSOR --- RETIRE TO YOUR QUARTERS AND LEAVE ME HERE TO MEET THE VISITOR!



COME, COME, YOU SURELY WOULDN'T TRY TO FRIGHTEN ME! I'M PERFECTLY SAFE HERE!

DON'T UNDER-ESTIMATE THE FORCES OF EVIL, PROFESSOR!



At that moment, outside ---

THE BEST SENTRY CAN'T LOOK IN ALL DIRECTIONS AT ONCE!

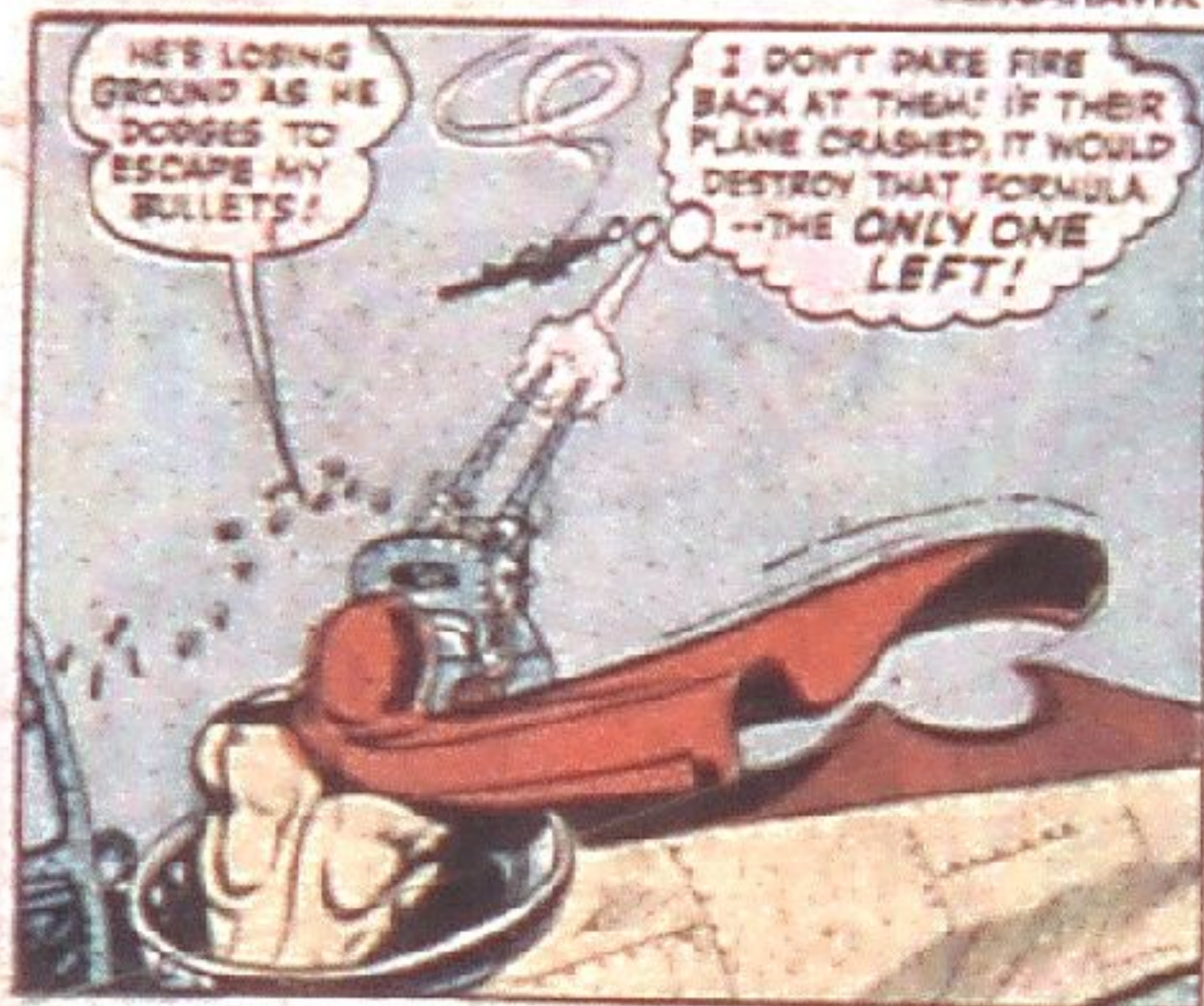


THAT WINDOW! THEY THINK IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO CLIMB TO IT --- BUT I WAS TRAINED FOR THAT VERY PURPOSE!



DON'T FEAR FOR ME, BLACKHAWK! IF YOU'LL WAIT A FEW MINUTES OUTSIDE, I'LL FINISH THIS WORK AND JOIN YOU FOR A PLEASANT CHAT!





I DON'T DARE FIRE BACK AT THEM! IF THEIR PLANE CRASHED, IT WOULD DESTROY THAT FORMULA -- THE ONLY ONE LEFT!



As the other Blackhawk planes take to the air....



I PICKED THEM UP A MOMENT AGO! BLACKHAWK'S HEADING OUT OVER THE NORTHERN OCEAN -- TOWARD THAT LITTLE ISLAND ON THE MAP!

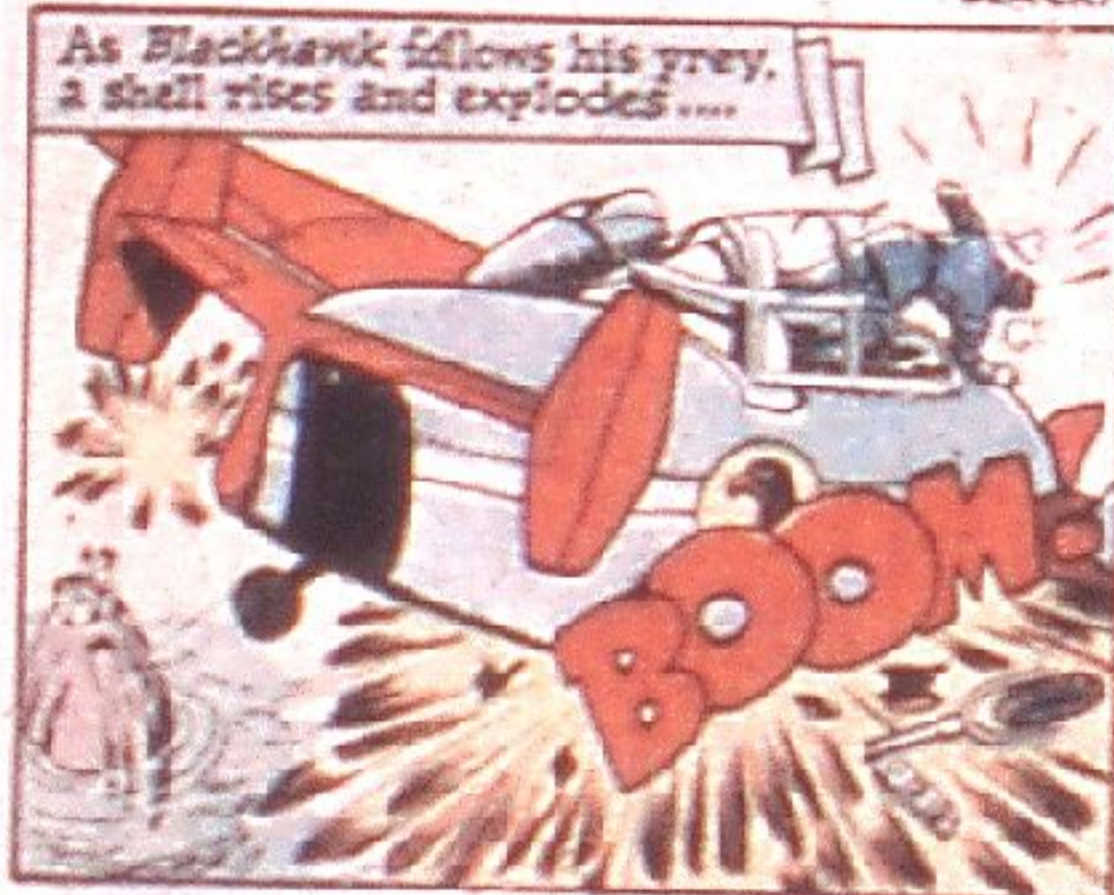


Grimly, Blackhawk keeps his damaged, silenced craft on the trail....

I'VE LOST SPEED -- CAN'T CATCH THEM -- BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE THEM, EITHER!



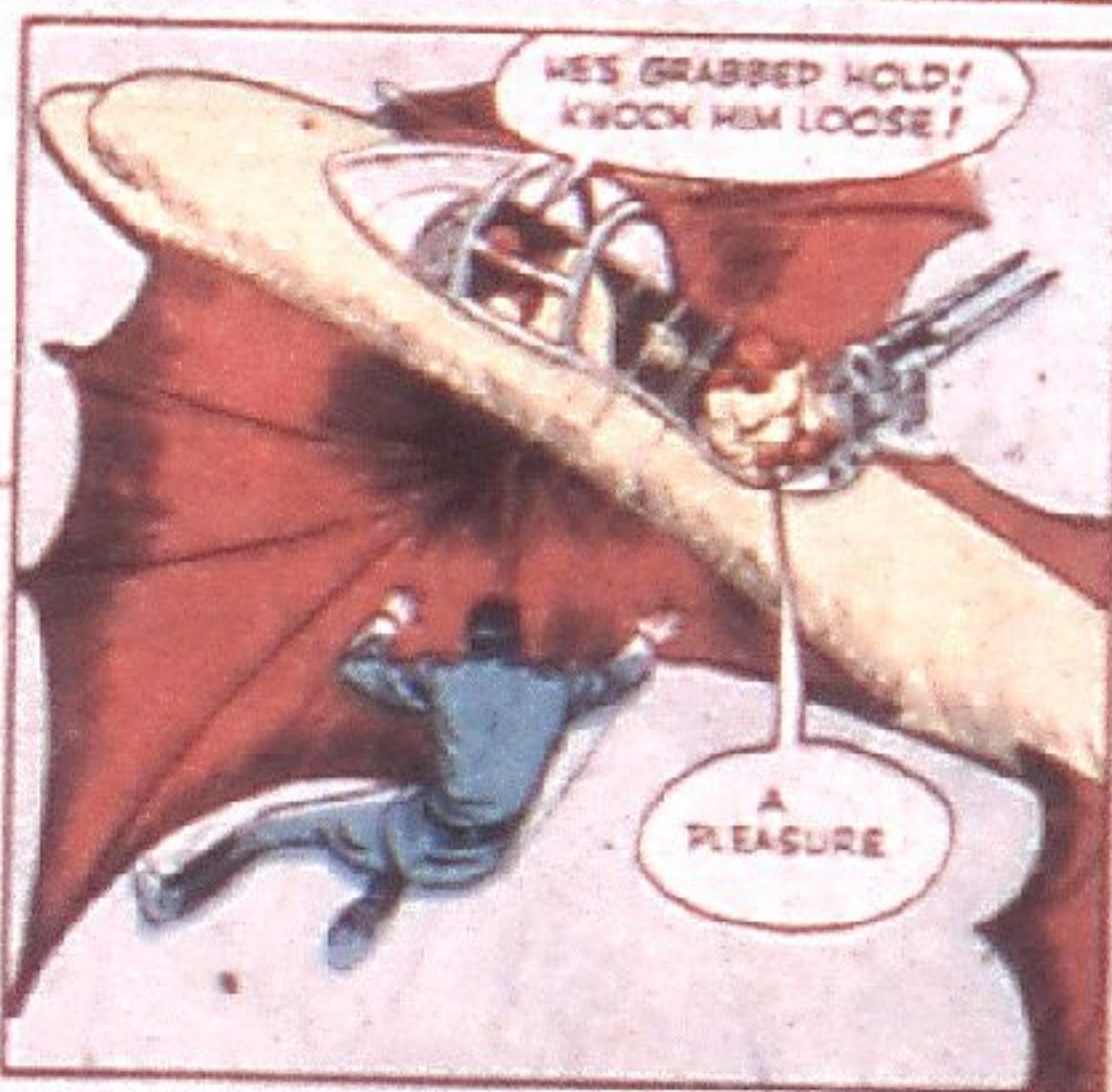
As Blackhawk follows his prey,
a shell rises and explodes



I HAVE ONE
CHANCE TO KEEP
FROM BEING
SMASHED TO
DEATH!



WE'VE GRABBED HOLD!
KNOCK HIM LOOSE!



A
PLEASURE

HE'S TOO
MUCH FOR
ME!

I'LL LAND AND THE
OTHERS WILL HELP!



HELP! HE'S
STRANGLING
ME!

A
STRANGER!



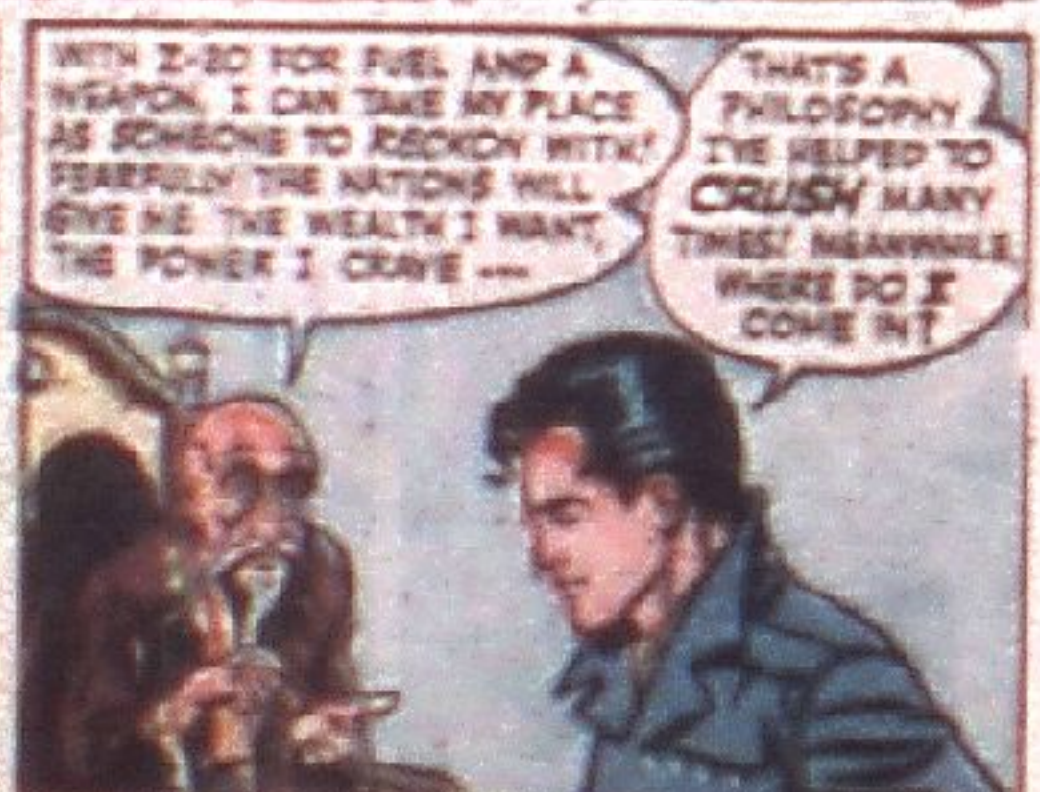
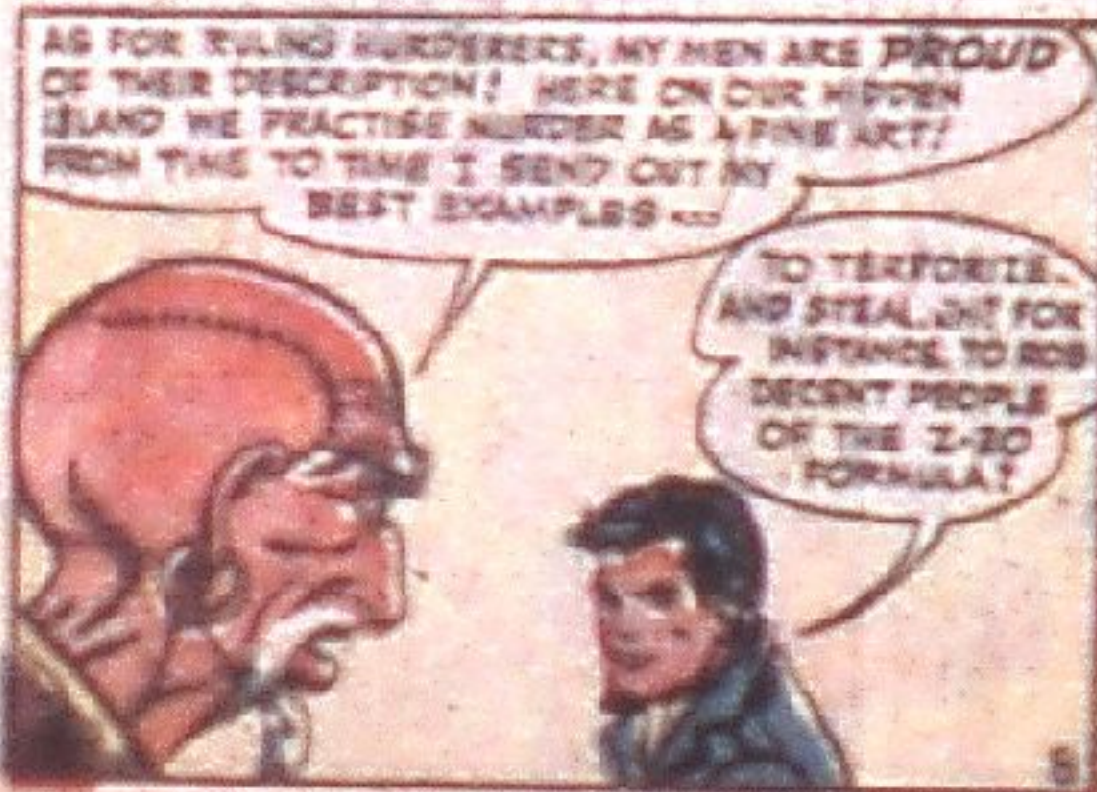
THAT WILL QUIET
HIM DOWN!



Later -- when Blackhawk
RECOVERS --

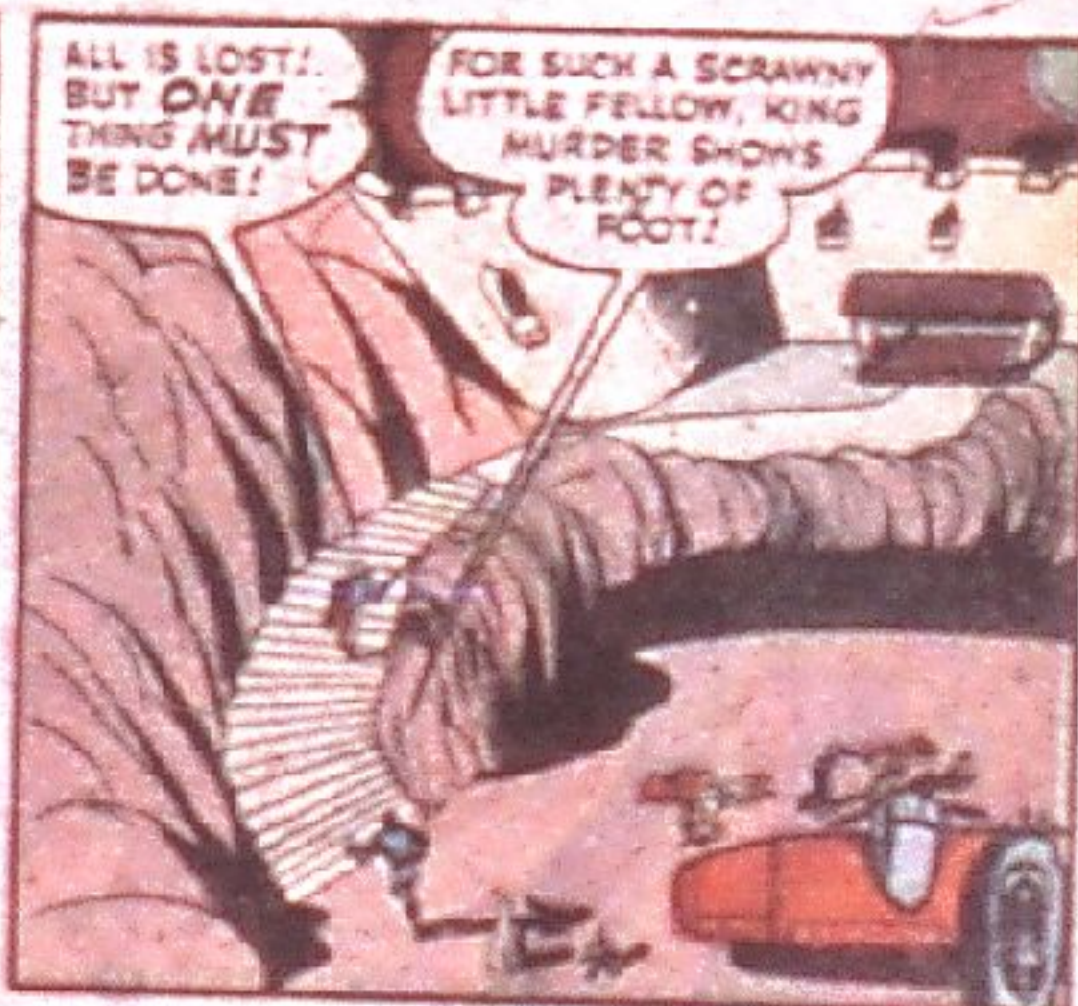
AH, YOU ARE
AWAKE -- I AM
GLAD! DRINK
THIS!

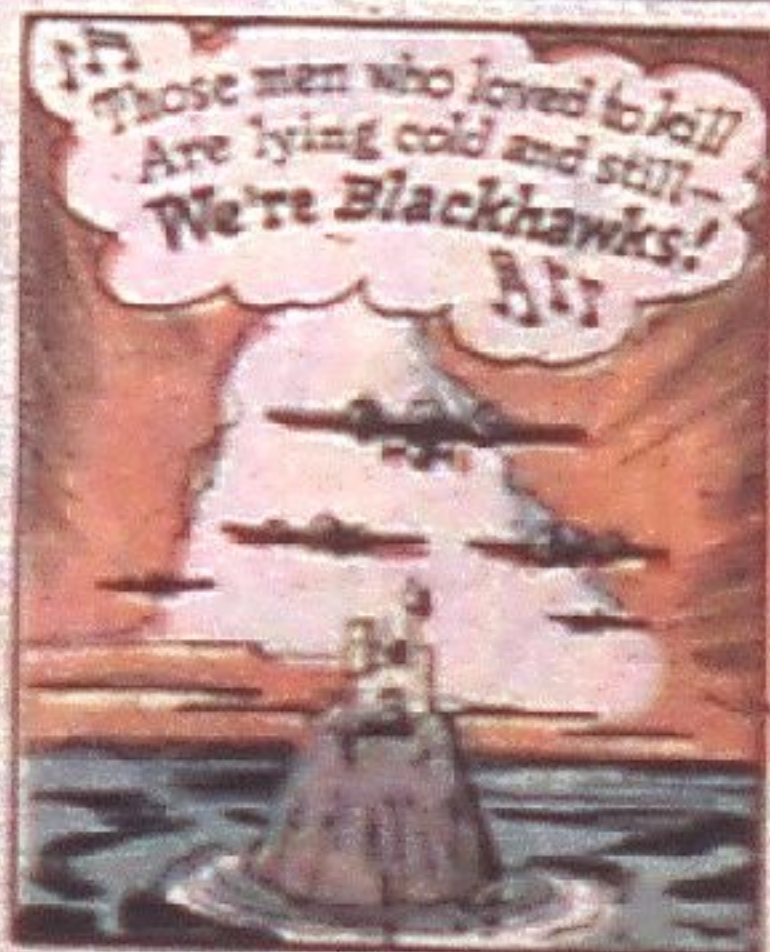
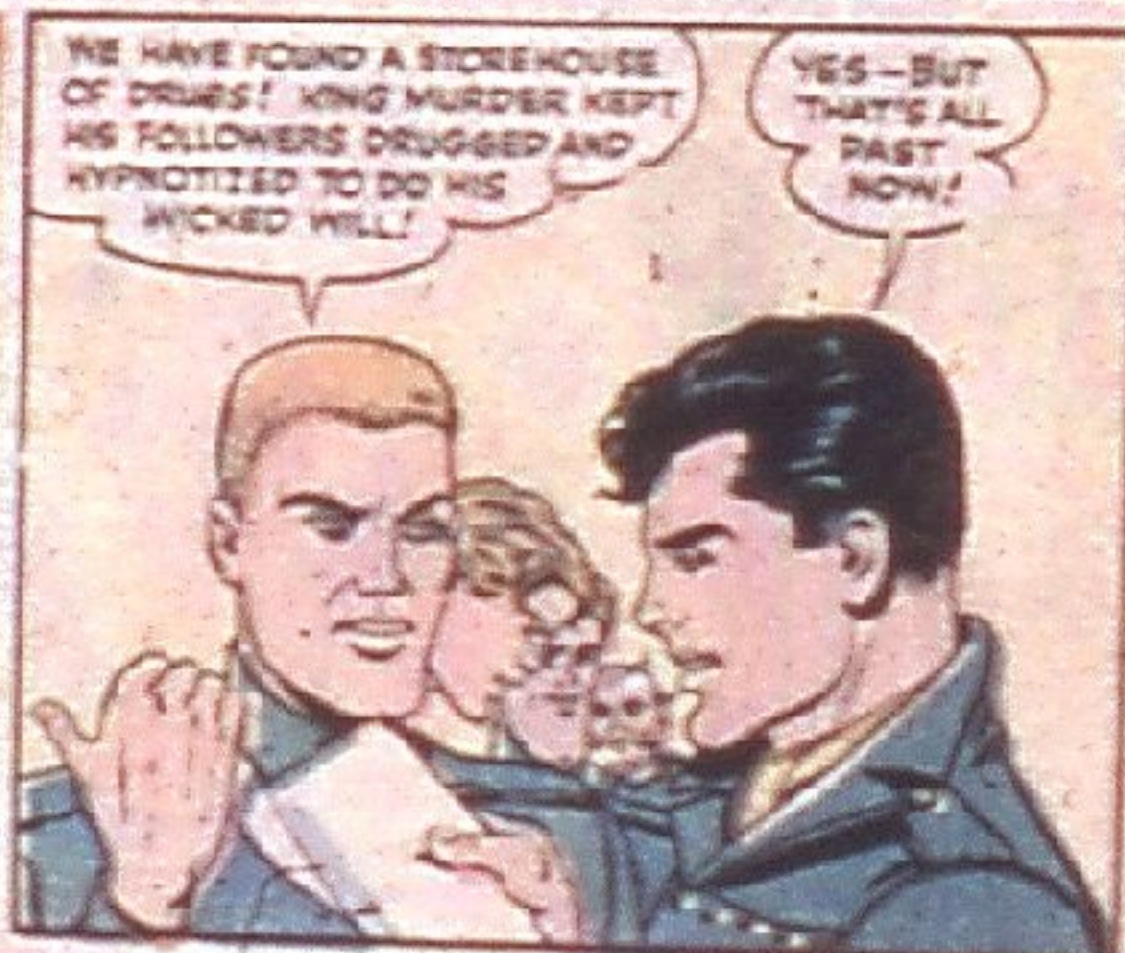












BLACKHAWK

Blackhawk

WE'VE MET
BEFORE! MY
NAME IS
FEAR!

One man is not
afraid of **FEAR!** He
is **BLACKHAWK!**





OF COURSE, YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE WHO KNOW THE CODE THAT SUMMONS THE BLACKHAWKS! AND IS ALL THIS FANFARE AND PARTY ATMOSPHERE YOUR IDEA?

TO EXPLAIN YOUR COMING AND AVERT SUSPICION, I LET A RUMOR OF YOUR WISH TO VISIT AND DO SOME FIGHT-SEEING REACH THE HIGH-UPS! THEY DELIGHT IN HONORING YOU!

SPLendid! I'M GLAD TO HAVE OFFICIALS ON MY SIDE IN CASE OF TROUBLE!

THEY DON'T KNOW THAT I SENT FOR YOU, NOR MY REASON FOR SENDING! GET OUT, BLACKHAWK, PLAY THE PART OF A PLEASURE-SEEKER — BUT AT MIDNIGHT, MEET ME AT THE INN OF THE BLACK DOVE!

THIS IS ONLY YOUR WELCOME, BLACKHAWK! TONIGHT AND TOMORROW WE SHALL TRULY ENTERTAIN YOU! ALL KIHROUK IS YOURS TO ENJOY!

I AM GRATEFUL, YOUR HIGHNESS! BUT YOU WILL EXCUSE US EARLY — WE ARE WEARY FROM OUR TRIP AND WISH TO BE RESTED FOR TOMORROW'S FESTIVITIES!

Midnight draws near...

YOU MAY SLEEP WELL, BLACKHAWK, WITHOUT FEAR! THESE GUARDS WILL WATCH THE DOOR AGAINST ANY POSSIBLE DANGER!

I SEE! ALL MY THANKS, YOUR HIGHNESS!

SLEEP — GET WELL BE WELCOME, NO!

LATER! HMM — AT LEAST THERE'S NO GUARD OUTSIDE THIS WINDOW!

SO I'LL SEE YOU LATER! — GET SOME REST!

Night — and Kimrouk, so fair a city by day, takes on another aspect.....

WAIT, FRIEND! TELL ME SOMETHING!

WHO CALLS?

IF YOU'RE A ROBBER, I HAVE NO MONEY! IF YOU'RE A MURDERER, I AM HARD TO KILL!

ALL I WANT IS GUIDANCE! WHERE IS THE INN OF THE BLACK DOVE?

PLAINLY YOU ARE A STRANGER HERE! NOBODY DARES GO BY NIGHT DOWN THE STREET AT THE END OF WHICH STANDS THAT ILL-STARRED PLACE OF ENTERTAINMENT!

DOWN THIS STREET YOU SAY? THANKS!

KISSST! SOMEONE COMING — A STRANGER!

WELL DRESSED — WORTH PLUNDERING! CLOSE IN!

STAND AND DELIVER — YAH!

HOW'S THIS FOR DELIVERY?

DOWN IN THE GUTTER WHERE YOU BELONG — ALL OF YOU!

AHIE! NO PROFIT HERE!

HELP WITHIN! HELP!



STUPID — YES! HE RULES KIMROUK, AND HE IN TURN IS RULED BY HIS NEPHEW PRINCESS STARRA! YOU SAW HER WITH HIM TODAY!

MANY MEN HAVE BEEN STUPID THAT WAY! WHO IS STARRA?



SHE WAS AN ADVENTRESS WHO HAD TO FLEE FROM EUROPE! SHE DAZZLED PRINCE GHOR — HE LETS HER GIVE ORDERS TO THE POLICE, OPPRESS THE PEOPLE WITH TAXES, ROB AND SWINDLE AT WILL —

LOOK OUTSIDE!



THERE'S THE PLACE! WE'LL WIPE IT OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL — ALONG WITH THOSE WHO DEFY STARRA!



THEY'RE LINING UP TO FIRE — NOT EVEN CALLING ON US TO SURRENDER!

THAT'S BECAUSE THEY WANT US DEAD, NOT ALIVE! TAKE COVER AND BE READY TO DEFEND YOURSELVES!



FIRE A GRENADE AMONG THEM! WHEN IT EXPLODES, CHARGE IN AND DESTROY ALL WHO STILL LIVE!

IT IS AS GOOD AS DONE, SIR!



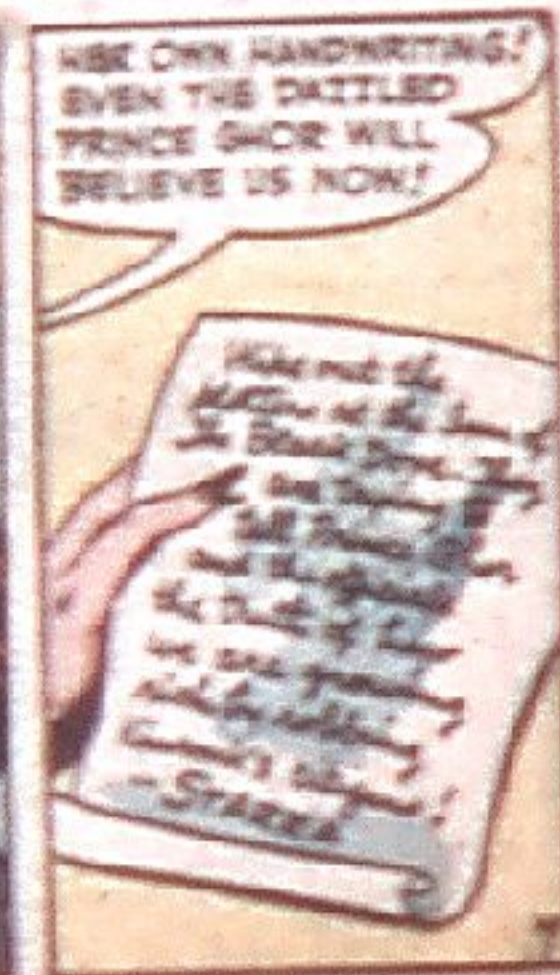
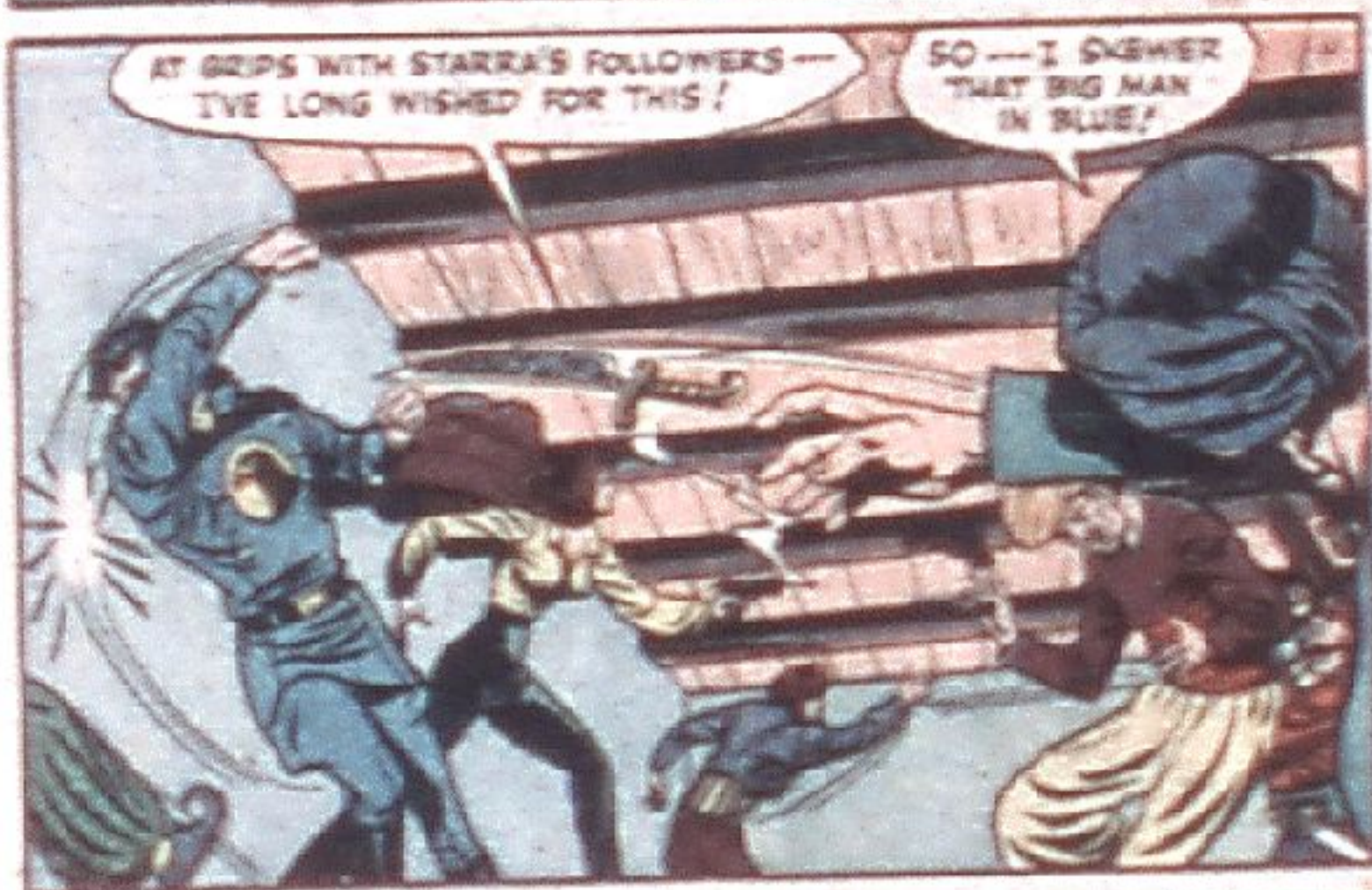
GRENADE! BUT ONE CHANCE TO SAVE YOU OTHERS —



HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR US! DO YOU DOUBT MY FOLLOWERS NOW, BLACKHAWK?

NOT NOW, FEAR! BUT HERE COMES THE ATTACK!









SHOOT TO KILL! I'LL
EXPLAIN TO THAT IDIOT
GHOR!



But the Blackhawks seize
guns from the fallen....

IF IT'S PISTOL-PLAY
THEY WANT, WE CAN
DO THAT, TOO!



GET IN CLOSE
AND FINISH
THEM!



WE'VE WIPED OUT YOUR
GANGSTERS, STARRA! AND
WHEN WE TELL GHOR HOW
YOU PLOTTED TO VICTIMIZE
KIMZOUK—

THEN I'LL SAY YOU
LIE, AND HE'LL BELIEVE
ME! YOU WOULDN'T
HURT ME, BLACKHAWK—
YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A
GENTLEMAN!



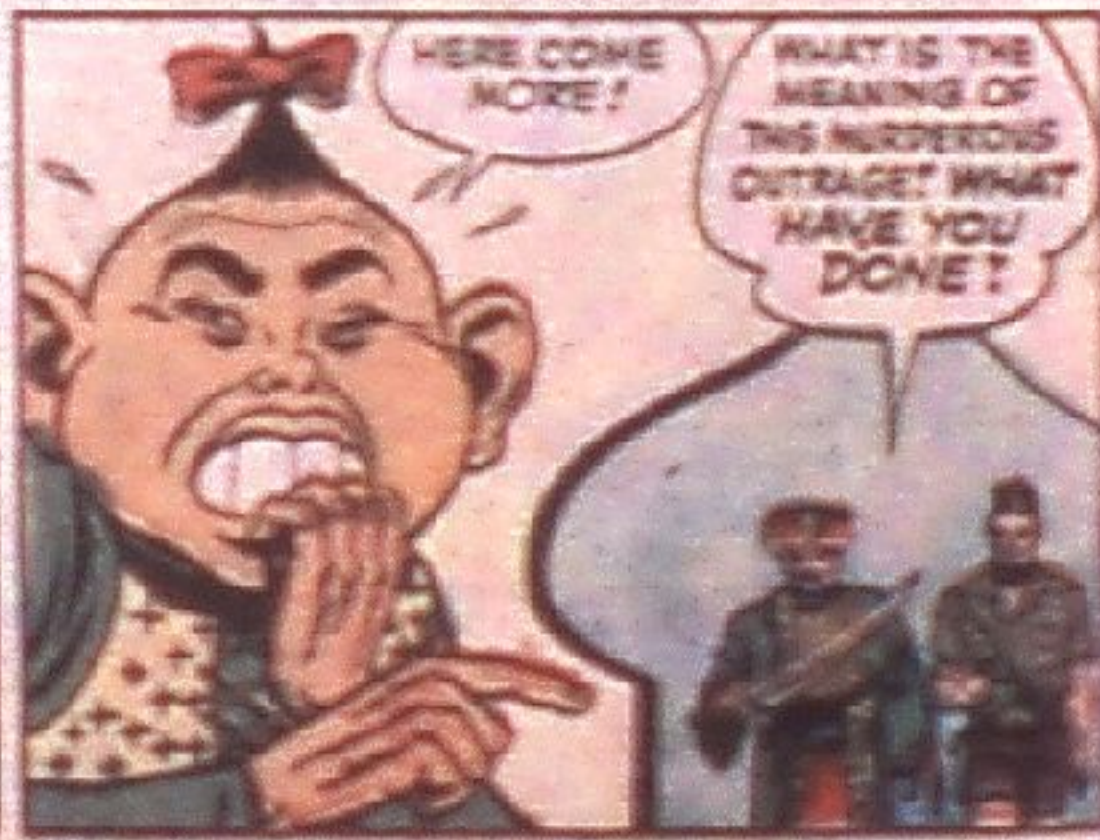
OF COURSE, BLACKHAWK'S A
GENTLEMAN! SO, IT'S UP TO
ME!

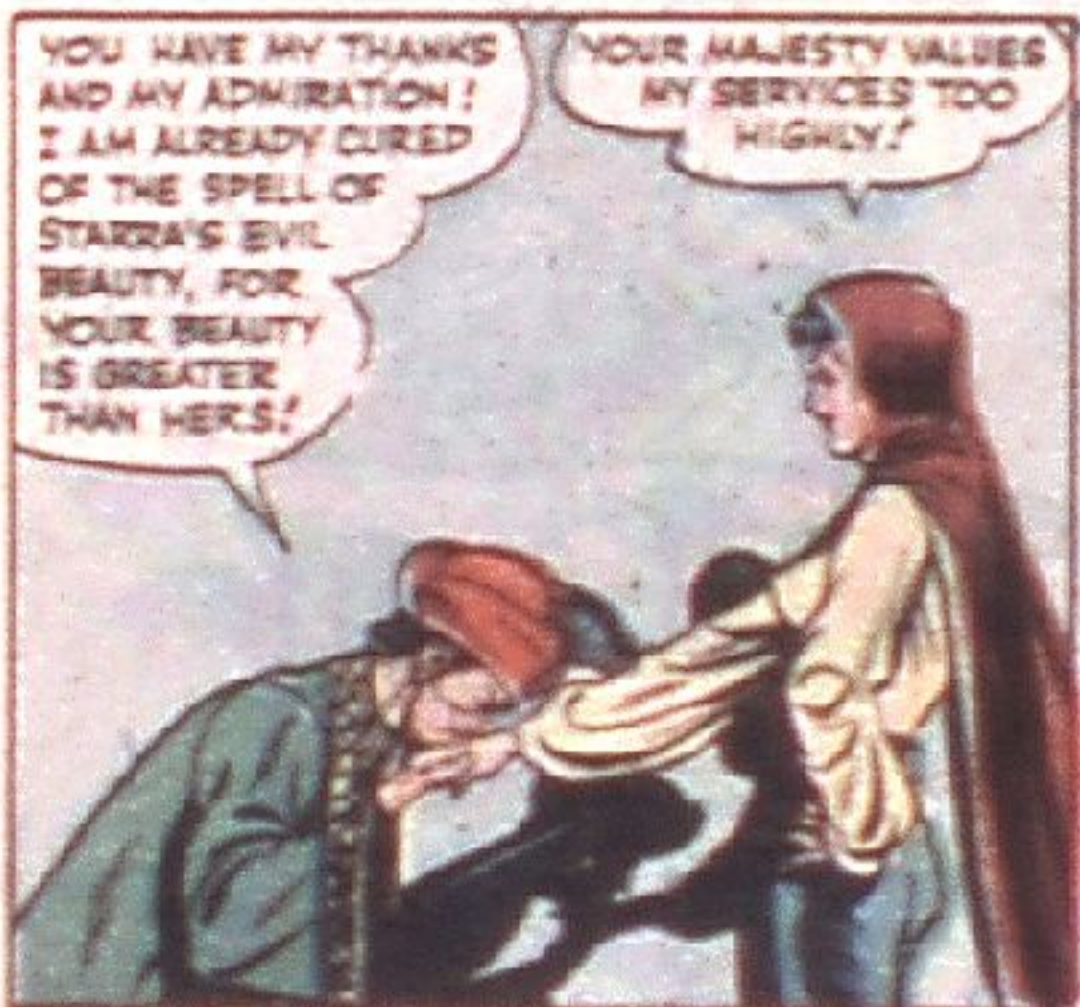
NO!



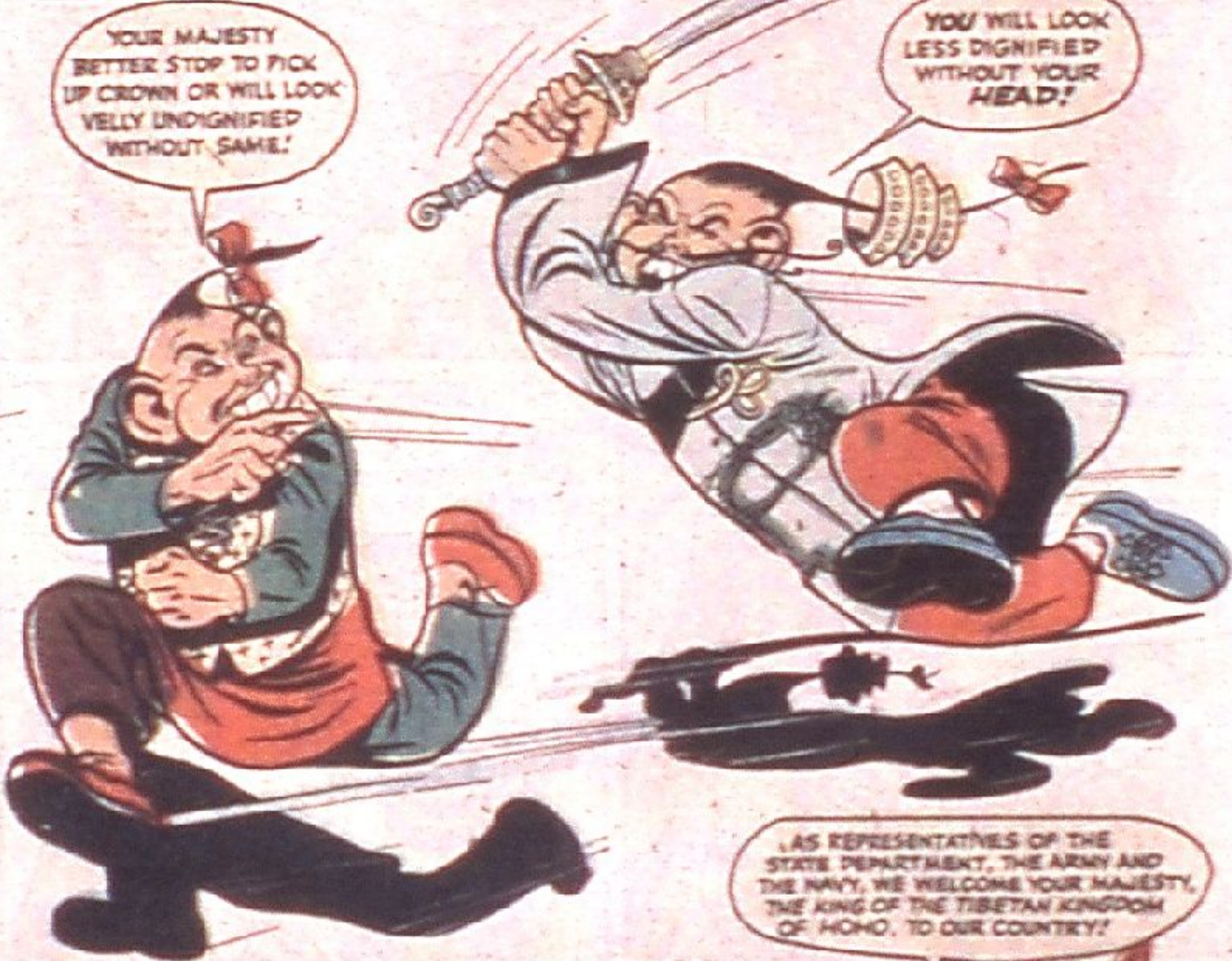
HERE COME
MORE!

WHAT IS THE
MEANING OF
THIS MURDEROUS
OUTRAGE? WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?





CHOP CHOP



AS REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT, THE ARMY AND THE NAVY, WE WELCOME YOUR MAJESTY, THE KING OF THE TIBETAN KINGDOM OF HOMO, TO OUR COUNTRY!





BEST IS PLENTY GOOD ENOUGH! IS YELLY SMOOTH JOB!

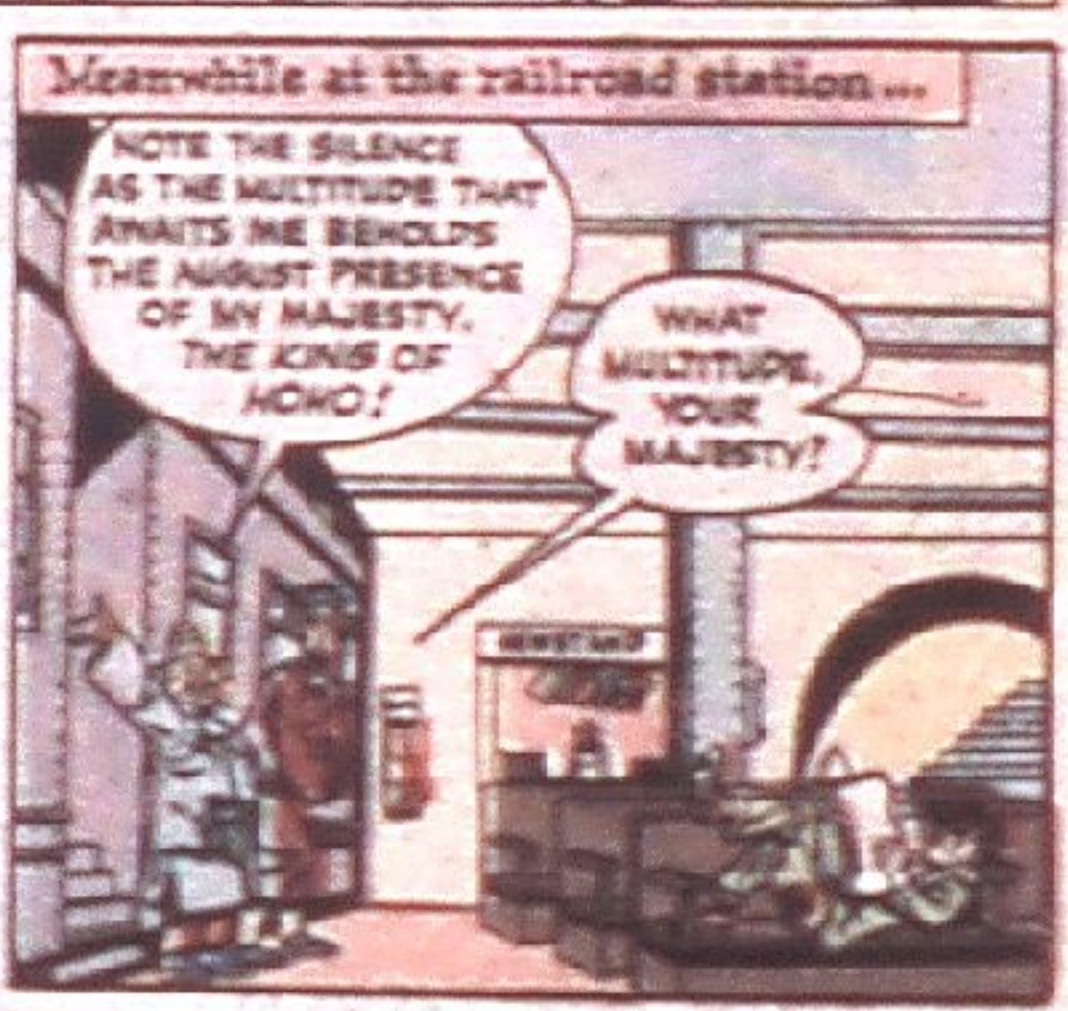


I TRUST YOUR MAJESTY WILL ENJOY HIS DINNER!

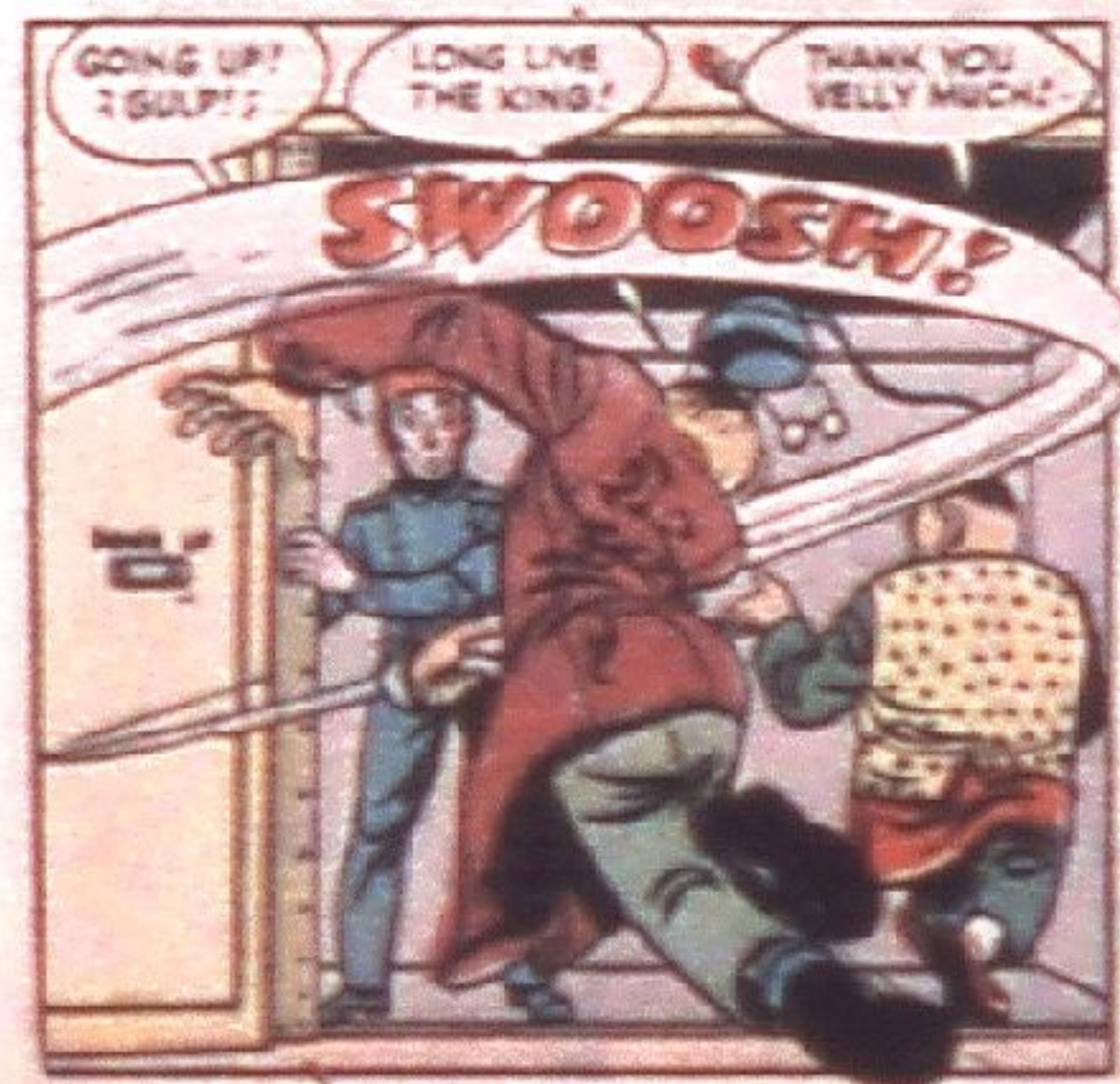
WHEE! CHOP-CHOP NOT HAVE BE COOKED TONIGHT!

DO NOT UNDERSTAND THIS KING BUSINESS, BUT ONLY FOOL WOULD ATTEMPT TO ASK QUESTIONS UNDER LOVELY EXISTING CONDITIONS!











MY TRUSTED AIDE, YOUR SALARY IS INCREASED BY TEN GOLD COINS A MONTH, RETROACTIVE TO LAST APRIL!

NOW TO WREAK VENGEANCE
ON THE IMPOSTOR WHO
BROUGHT THIS SUFFERING
UPON YOUR MAJESTY!



I WILL EXECUTE
HIM IN HIS
SLEEP!

NO! HE
MUST BE
AWAKE SO HE
WILL KNOW THAT
IT IS I WHO
AM PUNISHING
HIM!



AWAKE,
SCOUNDREL!

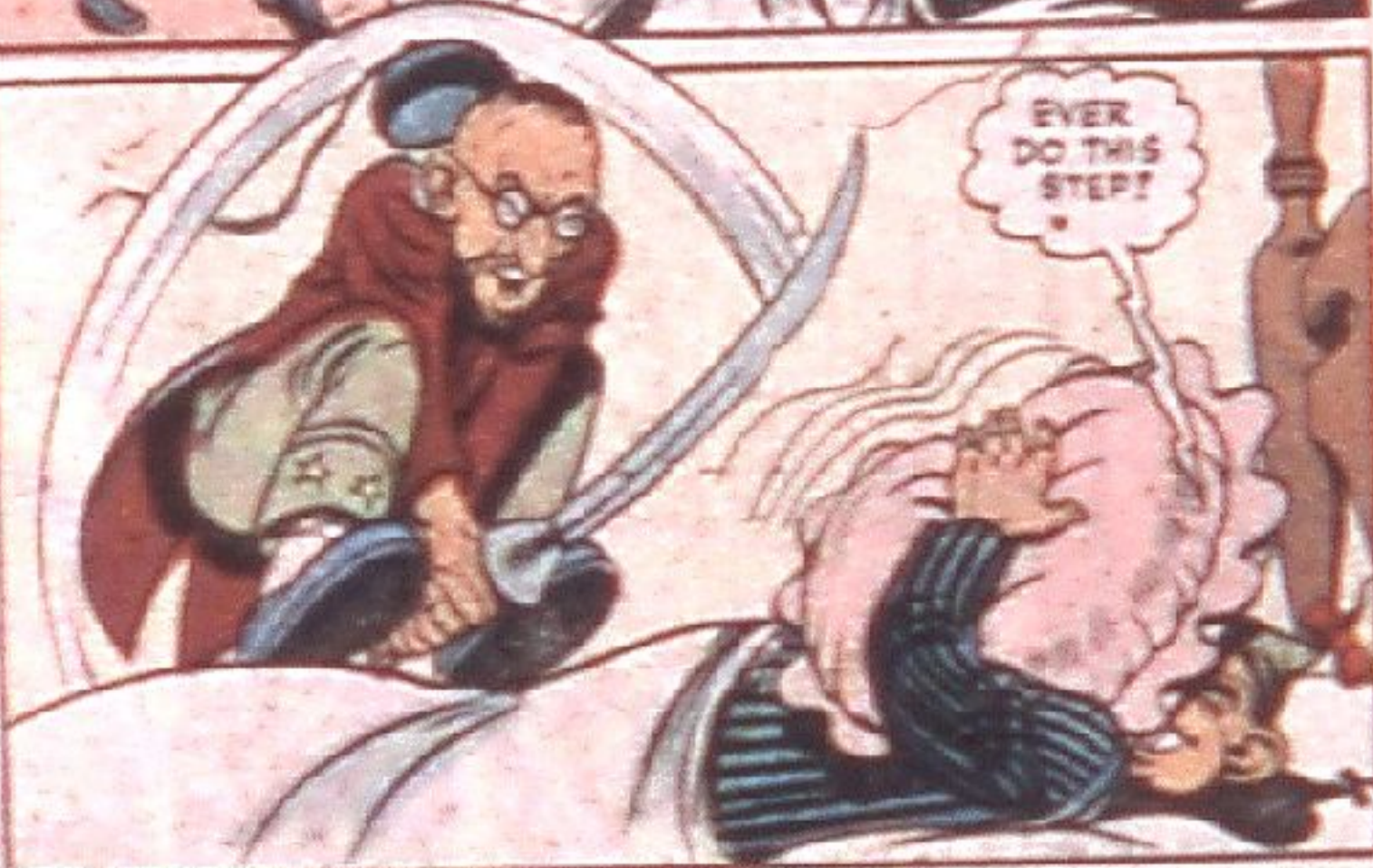
YOU
DO RHIMBA
DIVINELY!



HE POKES FUN AT ME! I
HAVE NEVER DONE THE RHIMBA
IN MY LIFE! KILL HIM WHILE
HE SLEEPS!



EVER
DO THIS
STEP!



I MISSED HIM
AGAIN! HE BEARS
A CHARMED
LIFE!



ATCHOO! THE
FEATHERS TICKLE
MY NOSE!
ATCHOO!

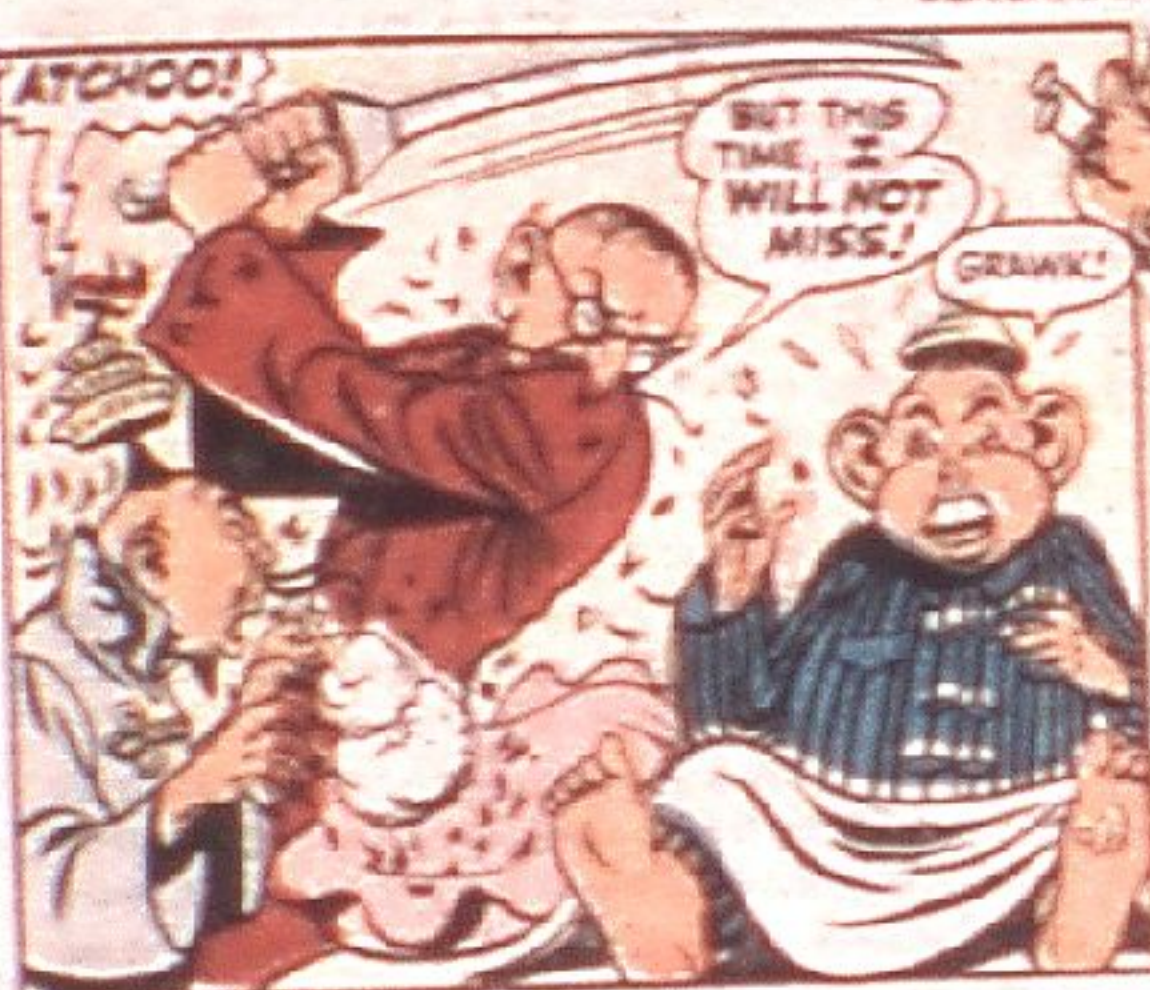
BEG PARDON! MY
NAME IS PRONOUNCED
DROP DROP-NOT
ATCHOO!



ATCHOO!

BUT THIS
TIME, I
WILL NOT
MISS!

GRANK!

THINK I
BETTER NOT
MISS, EITHER!IF BUSY SNEEZING, YOU
CAN MAKE NO TROUBLE!
HAVE MORE FEATHERS,
PLEASE?ATCHOO!
ATCHOO!

ATCHOO!

IF TRUE YOU ARE KING, COURT
ETIQUETTE SAY IT VERY IMPOLITE
TO BUST YOU ON JAW, BUT SAY
NOTHING ABOUT MAKING
YOU SNEEZE!WHAT
ON
EARTH
...?THERE'S BEEN SOME MISTAKE,
YOUR MAJESTY! WE JUST
LEARNED THAT YOU WERE
NOT SUPPOSED TO COME
ON THE TRAIN
WE MET!OF COURSE
NOT! HE ISN'T
THE KING OF
MONO! I AM!
ATCHOO!THEN
WHO ARE
YOU?NAME IS
CHOP CHOP!
I AM MEMBER
OF BLACKHAWK'S
BAND!BUT NOW THAT
YOU KNOW WHO I
AM, WHAT ABOUT
THE GRAND
RECEPTION
THAT IS MY
ROYAL
DUE!SORRY, YOUR
MAJESTY, BUT WE
CAN'T WASTE TIME
ON ROYALTY WHEN
ONE OF THE
BLACKHAWKS
IS IN TOWN!
ANYWAY, NOT BEFORE
WE GIVE HIM THE
KEY TO THE
CITY!

HEAVEN *in the* HILLS

"It is true, great Blackhawk," said the old witch doctor as they stood at the edge of the jungle. He pointed out across the desert to the distant hills. "Yonder is heaven, as our earliest wise men have told us."

Blackhawk peered. The hills were a good day's march distant and hard to make out, even in their main outline. They might contain anything that anybody imagined. Blackhawk spoke again to the old witch doctor: "You have reason to believe it?"

"Every reason. For centuries good men have gone there, to know in the next life what reward they earned in this. You ask how it is done? Each month we gather those whose death is upon them. They are the old, the sick, the sorrowful. We furnish them with food, weapons, jewelry, wealth, for their happy life beyond. We take them an hour's journey into the desert, to the shade of those palms." He pointed to a distant thicket. "When we are gone, we can see afar the coming of the Blessed People who gather them up and carry them away to their reward."

Blackhawk turned and studied the faces of his comrades. Chop-Chop had no expression that could be read—he was Chinese, and not apt to betray his feelings. Andre was thoughtful, so was old Hendrickson. Olaf scowled and whispered to Stanislaus. Chuck smiled a trifle, whether from interest or mockery was hard to say.

"And when do the next month's heaven-bound people depart?" was Blackhawk's next question.

"Within three days."

"I cannot wait that long," said Blackhawk. "I have a wish to see this heaven sooner. I will go now."

"Zur alone," spoke up Andre. "By ze planes, Blackhawk? We wuel tune up—"

"I'll go on foot, and alone," said Blackhawk. "Come, a last council before I depart for this heaven."

IN THE MORNING, Blackhawk set out on his lonely march. Like any roamer in the desert,

he carried a staff and a water-bottle and a peck of food. But the staff was of solid ivory, carved curiously and set with jewels. The bottle was of solid gold, a triumph of goldsmithing. In his pack was not only food, but a treasure of money and gems. He wore around his neck a collar of pearls and diamonds, his waistbelt carried a money pouch, and every finger wore a glittering ring. "These things seem to be needed beyond," said Blackhawk. "Now I start. I should reach those hills, with luck and tireless walking, by evening."

He strode away.

The desert sun was hot and the heat waves bounced back from the sandy waste as from polished metal, but Blackhawk's splendid physical endurance, tried and tested in every climate and against every hazard, fought it off. He found a well worn trail, the trail by which men had gone every month for centuries to their hope of a joyous hereafter. He paused at the grove of palms—no sign of anyone there—and stuck to the trail beyond. Only at noon did he pause, waiting out the hottest hour of the day in the shade of a sand dune. Then on, on, ever approaching the hills where the witch doctor had said heaven was located.

By mid afternoon he could see them plainly in the bright, dry air, and upon them here and there showed tiny black specks—men were there, watching his approach. He tramped on and closer, and the specks showed themselves tiny human silhouettes. One or two carried long poles, perhaps spears. Weapons in heaven? The old and sick and sorrowful took weapons along, Blackhawk remembered.

As the sun set, he came to the foot of the hills and the trail terminated in steps cut from the living rock. Blackhawk began to climb.

"Who are you?" a voice called down to him.

"One who seeks the hereafter," replied Blackhawk.

"Are you alone?"

"You have seen that for hours as you watched me."

"Thrice welcome, traveller!" And, as Blackhawk mounted higher, someone stood forth to

meet him a handsome smiling man in rich robes, carrying a baton or mace of gold studded with emeralds and rubies. "I am your host, waiting to bring you to your journey's end. But why did you not wait? Within three days a party would have started—"

"I felt that I could wait no longer to solve the mystery these hills hold."

"However you have come, we are glad to see you." The host put out a hand to take Blackhawk's and draw him to a level paved space on top of the hill. As the sun set, lights glowed there. Blackhawk saw strange and handsome buildings with lamps at the windows. Many tall men moved into view, and with them beautiful women whose eyes frankly admired Blackhawk's stalwart figure and handsome face. The host was looking at the jewels Blackhawk wore.

"You bring great riches among us," he said.

"Is it not the custom?" inquired Blackhawk.

"Yea, the custom of hundreds of years. Now, will you eat and drink? We are happy to include you among us."

A table was set in the open and Blackhawk sat at the right hand of the host. Rare foods and delicious wines were served to him by the fairest of the women, and others played on instruments of music and sang. Blackhawk smiled at the other feasters and spoke again to the host. "Is this indeed the hereafter?"

"Only the outer door for you," smiled the host back, "and we are the humble keepers of the door. Have you finished? Then come with me."

They walked together upward the back of the hill. Blackhawk swinging his staff of carved ivory, the host passing his handsome mace. They came to the head of another flight of stairs. "Look down," said the host.

Blackhawk did so. "What do you see?" demanded his companion.

"Fire burning below," replied Blackhawk. "And a man with a big axe is that the hereafter?"

"For you it will be," said the host suddenly and caught him by the elbow. The mace fell with deadly force on top of Blackhawk's blue-capped head.

That blow should have stunned Blackhawk, so that he could be thrown head over heels down the steps where the assassin would finish him. But the mace bounced back with a ringing

thud from the steel helmet Blackhawk wore concealed under his cap, and Blackhawk struggled free. A moment later, Blackhawk had twisted his staff, and it came apart, revealing the straight steel blade that had been hidden inside.

"I foresaw everything, robber of the dying," said Blackhawk, and stabbed the fellow through the heart.

From beyond went up a yell from the others. "He knows! But he is only one—kill him!"

"He is not only one," came a voice from farther away. And into the fight charged the Blackhawks—Olaf, Andre, Hendrickson, Stanislaus, Chuck, Chop-Chop.

Obedying Blackhawk's secret command, they had taken off in their planes at sunset, had flown quickly and unseen to the hills, and, cutting off their motors, had landed silently in time to rush up and join in the struggle.

It was a short struggle. The Blackhawks are the greatest fighting group in the world. The robbers who had for so long kept up the myth of a happy hereafter in order to rob those coming thither were beaten and slain one by one, until the survivors screamed for mercy and were herded into the strongest house to await a march back to the outer world and justice.

LATER THE BLACKHAWKS made a feast for themselves, and turned to their leader for information. "We suspected this when the news came to our headquarters," said Chuck. "We thought it was probably a fake heaven. But how were you sure?"

"When I heard that those going to the hills brought such wealth with them," said Blackhawk. "Wealth has wings—but not to fly to heaven. I put two and two together. If wealth went to the hills, somebody wanted there for it, and not somebody heavenly."

"It was one of the worst crimes and secrets ever practiced," said Stanislaus. "I mourn because of it."

"Then rejoice because it is out of existence," replied Blackhawk. "These robbers, and their fathers and grandfathers before them, have done wrongs which we cannot punish to a cent of what they deserve. They made a lie and a mockery of the hereafter—the hereafter they preached. But there is a real hereafter somewhere, and there the proper punishment awaits all of them."



BLACKHAWK

BLACKHAWK



The Blackhawks have fought
in many causes, side by side
with various strange creatures...
But who could foresee the day
when they would be welcomed
as Allies of The
CROCODILE??

The pleasant land of Otero — and over it hangs a **TERRIBLE THREAT**, as the Blackhawks know!



WELL, MEN, OUR SECRET INVESTIGATION OF THE OTERO TROUBLE ISN'T SO SECRET AFTER ALL! HERE'S A LETTER FROM THERE ABOUT IT — AND US!

SACRE BLEU! A WARNING OR THREAT?



IT SEEMS TO BE A BID FOR OUR HELP! A MAN CALLED CROCODILE SAYS HE HOPES WE'LL JOIN WITH HIM TO CLEAN OUT THE ROBBERS AND KILLERS THAT THREATEN THE PLACE!

WHAT NAME CROCODILE? SOUND KUNGLY! SOUND SCARY! CHOP-CHOP NO LIKE!



HE NAMES A REMOTE FIELD WHERE WE CAN LAND, AND SAYS HE'LL BE THERE TO MEET US AND EXPLAIN WHAT CAN BE DONE TO SAVE OTERO!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? PLANES, EVERYBODY!



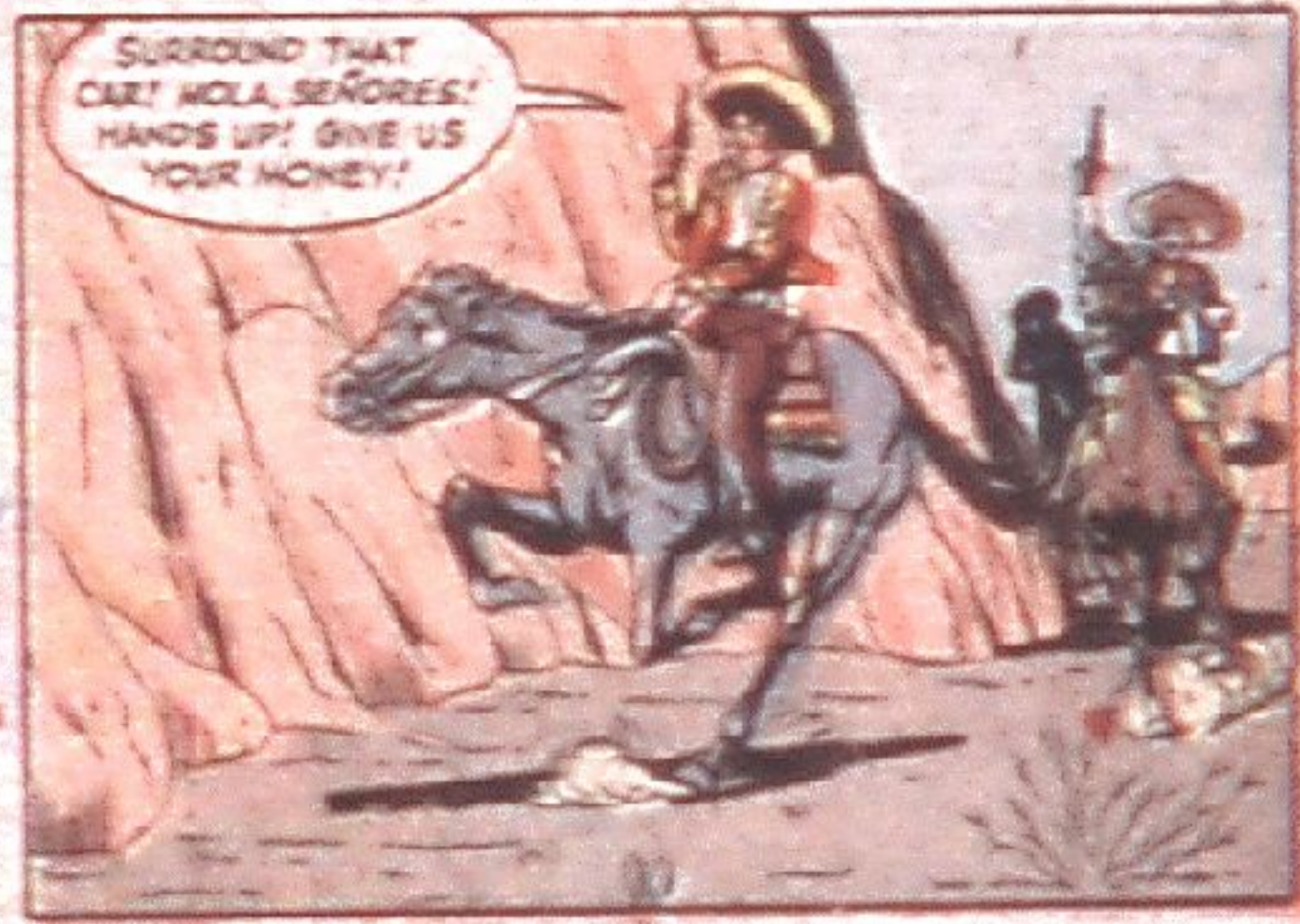
LOOK BELOW — OTERO, A LOVELY COUNTRY — CUT OFF FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD!



AND THE WORLD FORGETS HOW EASILY EVIL CAN ORGANIZE IN SUCH A PLACE! WATCH OUT FOR OUR LANDING FIELD!

WELCOME, BLACKHAWKS!

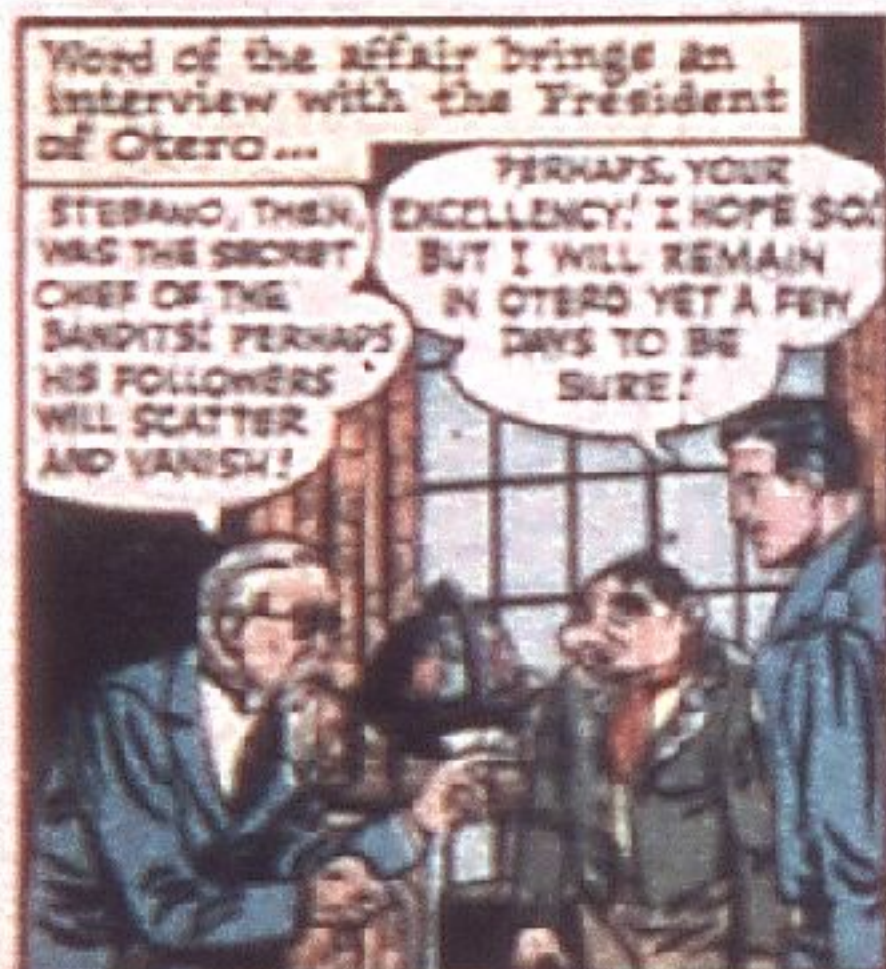


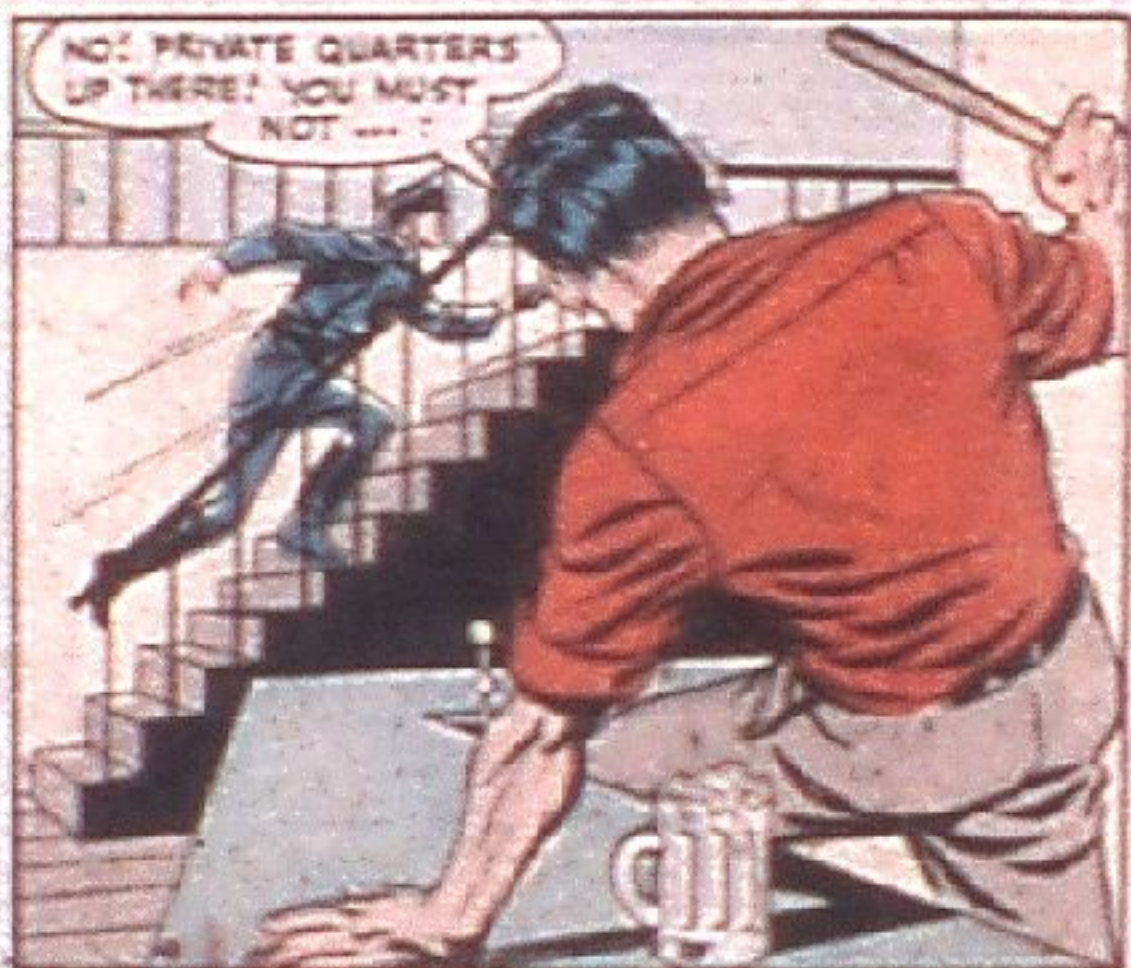


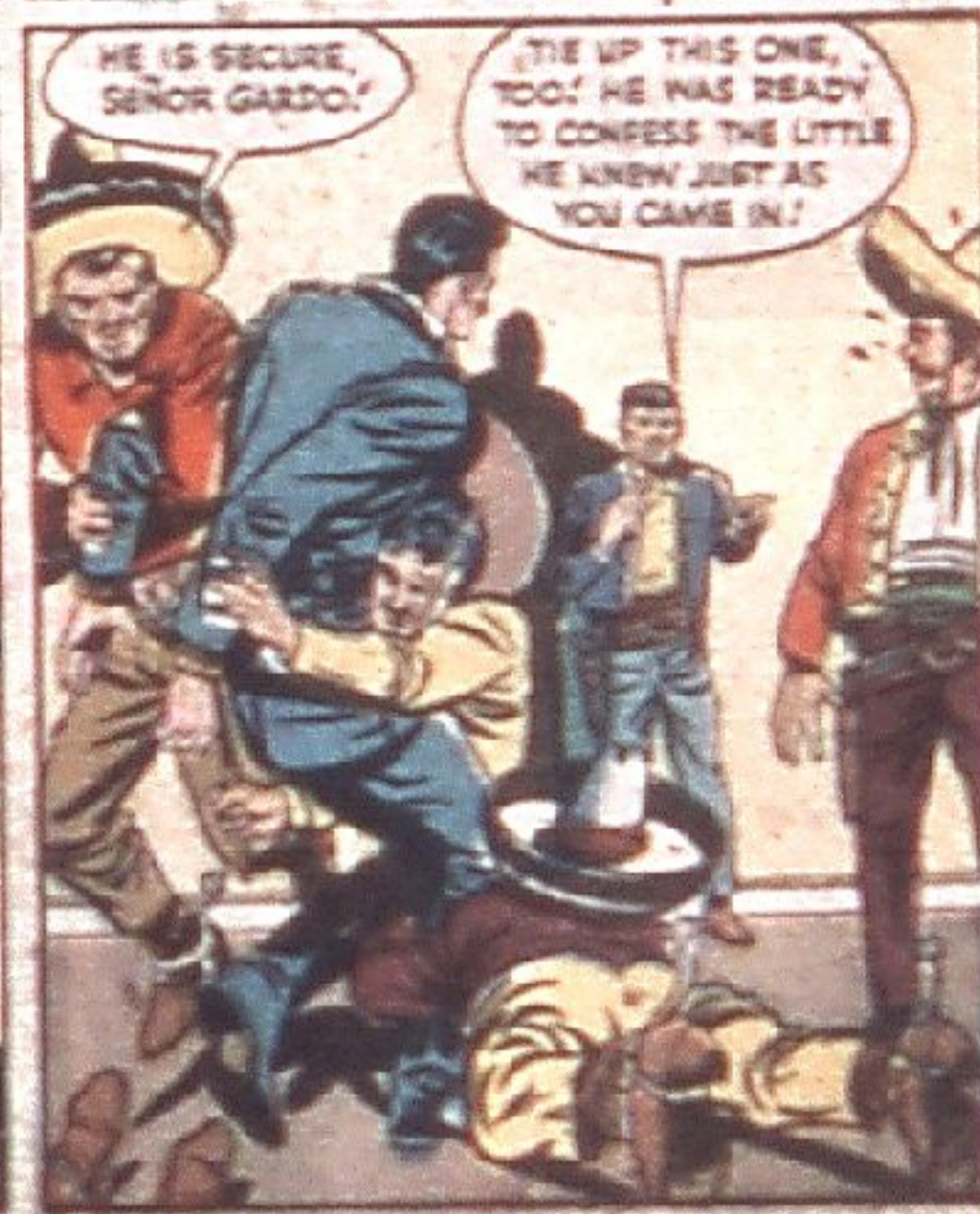
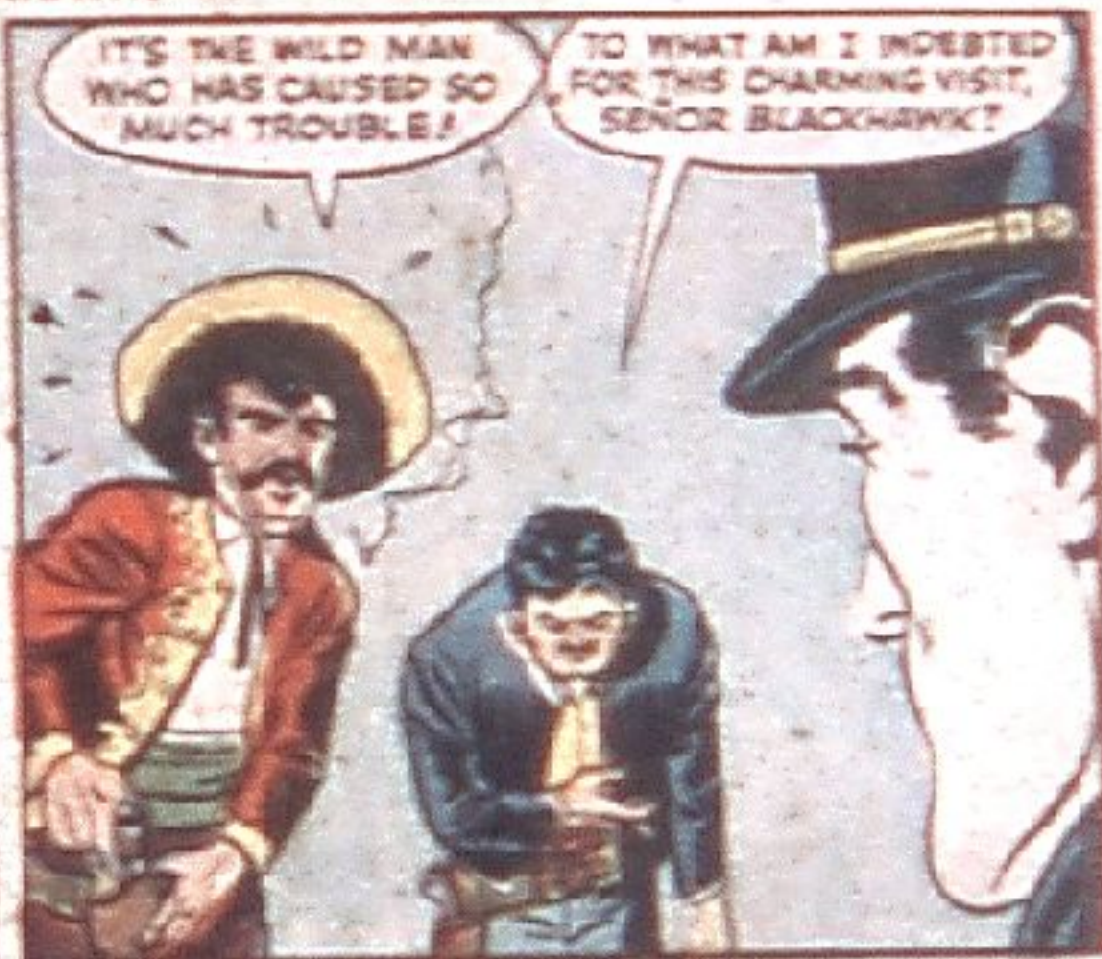
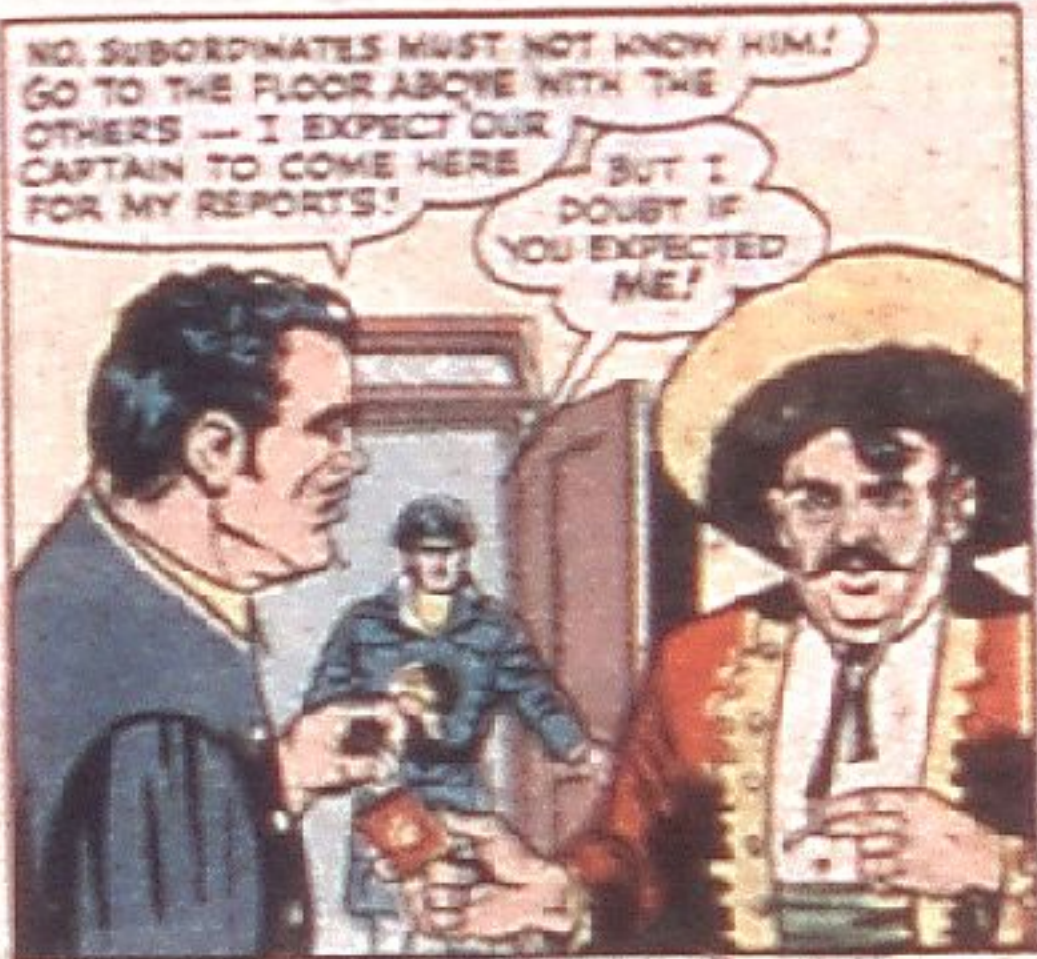






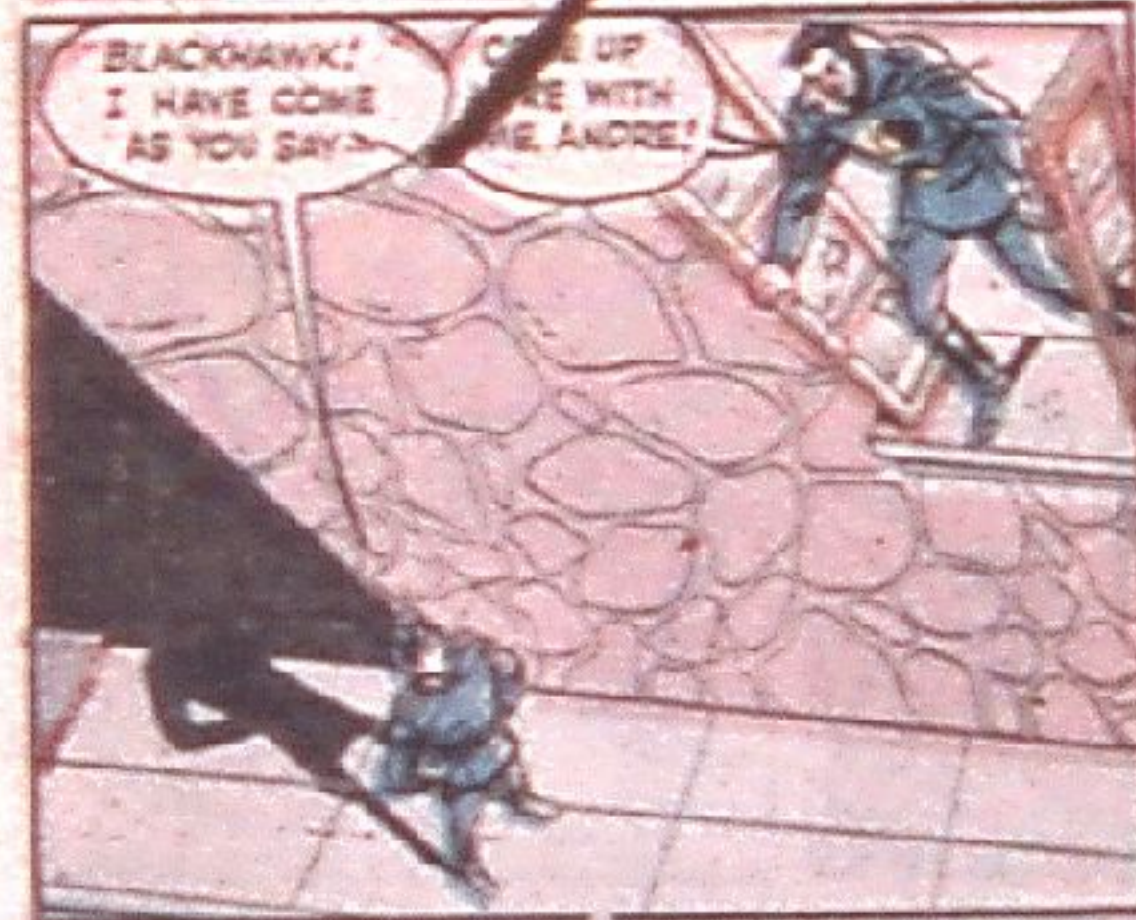


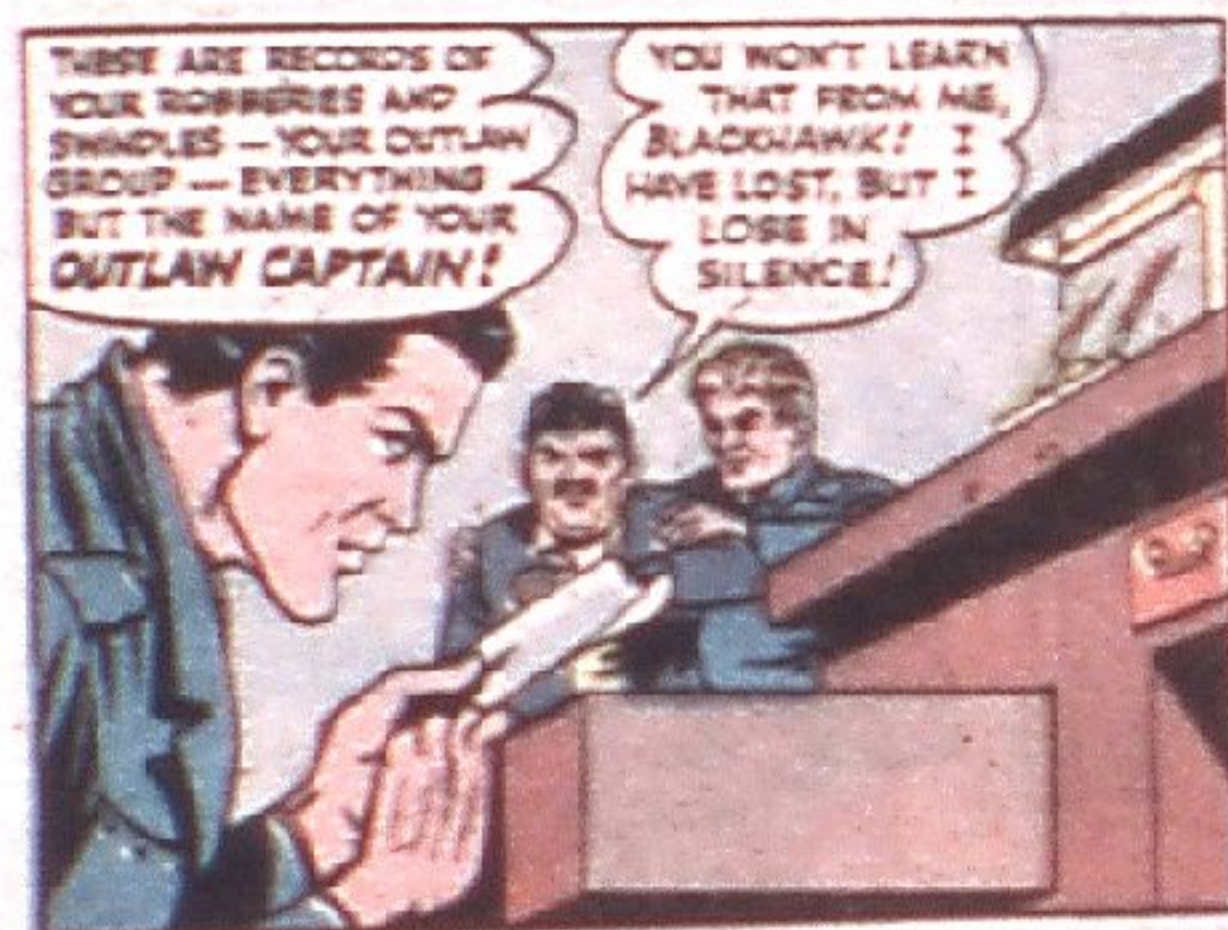


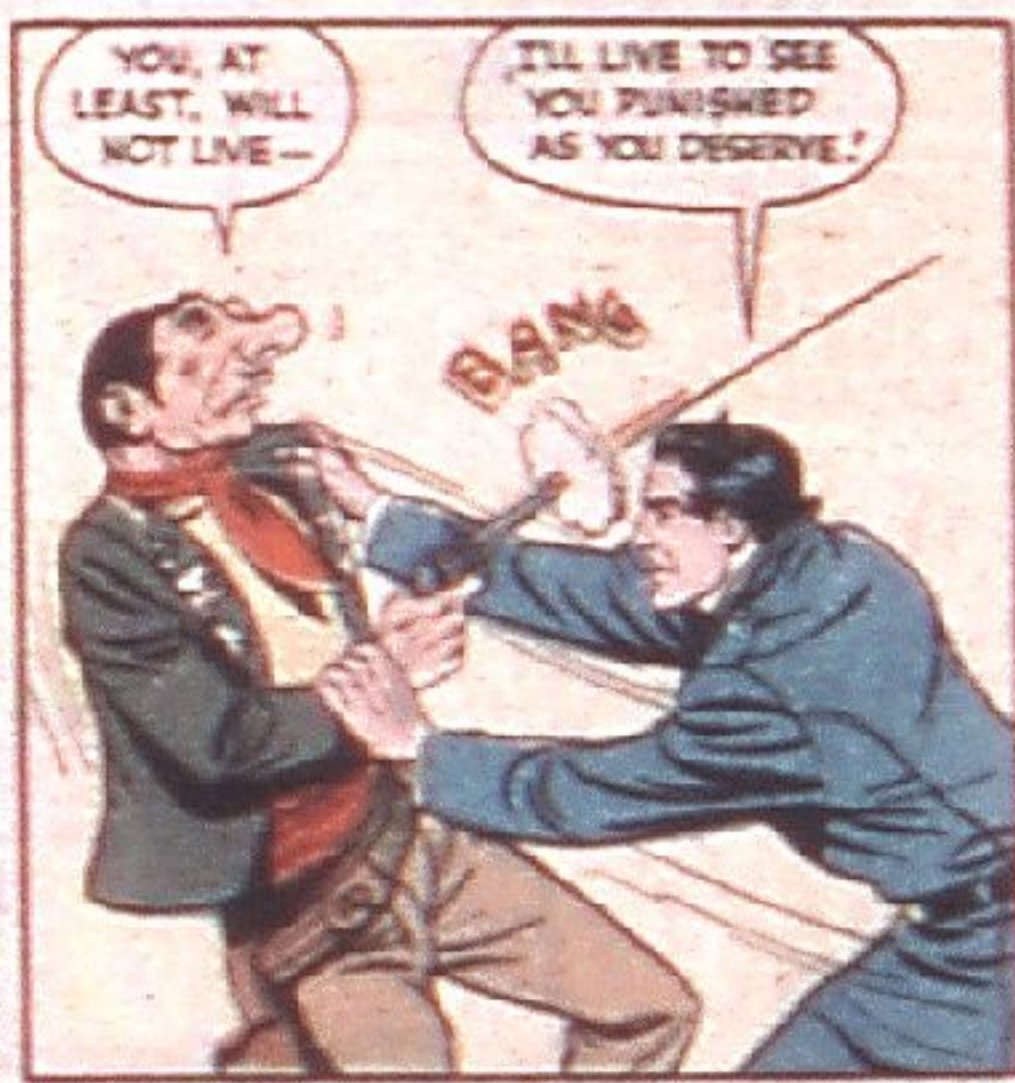
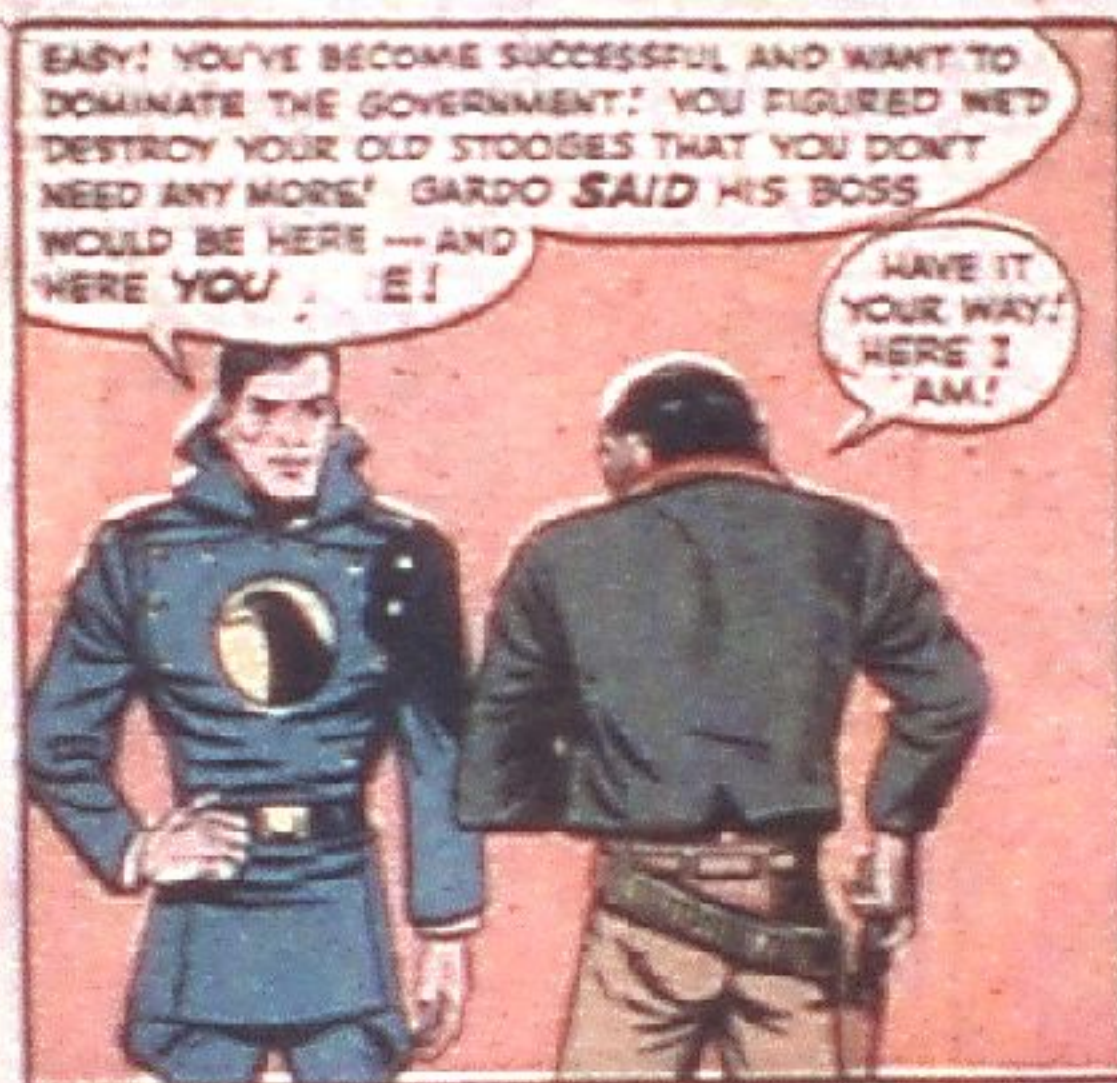














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G-Boy Repeating Cap pistols, _____ rolls of caps, and _____ bullets.

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A Laugh
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• Krazy Kat
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• Smokey
in 100 ft. Reels
only \$2.75

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100 ft. Reels of "Laugh a Minute"

Cartonage at \$2.75

For which I enclose \$_____

Check Please Wanted: ☐ Army Kat ☐ Smokey

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